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Essays.

THE HAIR AS A REMEMBRANCER.

THE custom of keeping the hair of deceased friends, is one of the oldest that we can trace into the records of time. This has arisen from its convenience, and its being the part which under certain circumstances will last the longest of any in the body. The enamel of the teeth, and after that the petrous portion of the temporal bone, will certainly, when exposed to moisture in the ground, retain their form and consistence longer than the hair; but I believe there is no structure of the body, which being constantly exposed to the atmosphere, will retain its form and consistence longer than the human hair. In the grave it is probable that it entirely decays after the lapse of eight or ten years. There is a singular case recorded in Rees' Cyclopædia of the disinterment of the body of a woman at Nuremberg, after remaining in the ground for forty years; the hair burst forth from the coffin in the greatest profusion, and in very perfect preservation. This is not at all unlikely if the coffin was placed in a dry soil or situation. The hair still remains on many mummies, even after they are exposed to the atmosphere; and there is a lock of human hair in a Roman Sarcophagus in the library of the Vatican at Rome, in perfect preservation, the oldest memorial of friendship that there exists, with the exception of some locks of hair found with the bodies of the mummies in Egypt, since it was formerly common to place some of the hair of the surviving friends in the tomb with the body of the deceased. Ossian has thus alluded to the custom, when Foina gave a lock of her hair in Cath-Loda:

"Beside his rolling sea lies Annir of many lakes. The King was pierced in battle, and Sterno is to raise his tomb. Me, a son of Loda, he sends to white-handed Foina, to bid her send a lock from her hair, to rest with her father in earth."

I have seen heavy masses of hair, comparatively well preserved, in the *fosses* of Père La Chaise; the bodies had been buried about six years, and the hair had thrown out a glutinous viscid matter, which had prevented the earth from being incorporated with it; the ground, however, was very moist, and the other parts of the body had nearly entirely decayed. Lord Byron, in his letters, has some singular remarks concerning the hair, and relates a case in which it was preserved for a length of time—Letter 331, of Moore's Life, writing from Bologna to Mr. Murray. It seems his lordship had been under the hands of the keeper of the cemetery of the city.

"In showing some older monuments, there was that of a Roman girl of twenty, with her bust by Bernini. She was a princess Barlorini, dead two centuries ago. He said that on opening her grave they had found her hair complete, and as 'yellow as gold.'

As if on the authority of this, he makes the following remark (Letter 399, from Ravenna):

"I have seen a thousand graves opened, and always perceived that whatever was gone, the teeth and hair remained with those who had died with them. Is not this odd, that they go the first things in youth, and yet last the longest in the dust?"

The hair certainly lasts the longest of any part of the body when in a dry situation, but not in the grave, where it is exposed to damp and moisture; its duration there may be from one year to many. In seeing many skeletons of Indians disinterred from their mounds, in the Western countries of the United States, I have never been able to find a trace of the hair, though all the larger bones of the body, and the teeth, were sometimes perfect. The inferior maxillary, or lower jaw bone, I have found when all other parts of the skeleton were entirely decomposed. In the disinterment of the bodies of Robert Bruce, of Abelard and Heloise, of Henry VIII., and of the thousands who were buried in the catacombs of Paris, the hair was entirely wanting; but in the mummy of Kotbti, much older than all these, in the British Museum, the hair formed a perfect pillow under the head of the deceased, being folded on the back of the head, and of considerable quantity. She was a female attached to the holy rites of Ammon. Shakspere has alluded to the custom of keeping the hair of the deceased, Julius Caesar, act iii., scene 2; Much Ado About Nothing, act ii., scene 1. And Horace has also immortalized the custom, lib. ii., carm. 12, 23. Keats, in a beautiful sonnet, has commemorated the only mortal part now in existence of the great bard.

THE HAIR AS MENTIONED IN THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

The hair is often mentioned in the Holy Writings. The Jews, particularly, prided themselves on their hair, and adorned it at an exceedingly great expense. Isaiah prophesied, that their daughters should one day be robbed of the ornaments with which they decked their tresses (Is. iii. 18), which was fulfilled to the letter, for Vespasian's soldiers found no richer treasures in Jerusalem than the head-dress of the women. There were no express rules given for the mode in which it should be worn, except with regard to the Nazarenes, who by an express law were compelled to wear the hair of a certain length, in order that it might be cut off at certain periods, and by its length produce the appearance of a greater sacrifice. In Numb. vi. 18, the Nazarene is commanded to shave his head, and burn the hair thereof as a sacrifice, on the altar of the peace offering; this is supposed to be one of the reasons why Paul inveighs against long hair being permitted to grow on the male, but justifies women in wearing their locks at length, inasmuch as it was given to them as an ornament. Josephus tells us, that Solomon's body-guard had gold dust sprinkled in their hair, so that it shone, and glittered in the sunbeams. There were commands given against carrying this fashion of adorning the hair to too great an extent, 1 Tim. ii. 9, 1 Peter iii. 3, wherein it is said that man shall

not adorn with the excess of gold, or pearls, or with the plaiting of hair. Nevertheless the anointing of the hair was very common, such as in fasting, or in times of sorrow, when they were commanded, Ecc. ix. 8, Matt. vi. 17. Ointments were in general use; it was considered a mark of hospitality and good-will on the part of the host to have the head of a distinguished guest anointed with scented oil or precious ointments before meat; this had been omitted by the master of the house with whom our Saviour supped, when the woman who saw that he had not received these rites of hospitality, came and anointed his head, with the very precious ointment of spikenard, Mark xiv. 3, John xii. 3. The value of this ointment has been a source of some dispute among commentators; it was said to be worth three hundred pence, or ten pounds sterling of our money. This has appeared to many to be a great price for what is now procured so easily; but spikenard was generally then brought from India, although afterwards cultivated in Sicily to a great extent. The distance of India from Greece, and the trifling commerce that was then carried on, generally by land, or a petty coasting trade, rendered the Indian ointments very valuable, and of course they were prized in proportion to their rarity; and spikenard, which has been well translated from the original *Napēs*, was, perhaps, in the highest estimation as a perfume. Cinnamon, perhaps, ranked next, and myrrh, which are mentioned by Jeremiah as rare articles of commerce; cinnamon was worth its weight in silver. The Jews set great store by a good head of hair, and Isaiah numbers it among one of their condemnations, that instead of well set hair they should have baldness, and that the Lord would take away from their females their round tires, Isaiah iii. 18, 24. Making themselves bald was a sign of grief, as it was afterwards among the Greeks, Ezekiel xxvii. 31, Job. i. 20, Jer. xvi. 16.

Absalom, who outshone all the youths of his time in beauty, was chiefly celebrated for the elegance and length of his hair, as was observed in the sounding Latin of Bartholomius—*Absalomis pili secunditas in sacris laudatur*. We are told that the whole weight of his hair when polled or cut, was about two hundred shekels, or nearly four pounds of our weight. "This need not," says my learned author Hesychius, "be accounted incredible, especially as abundance of oil and ointments were used by the ancients in dressing their heads, as is evident not only from many places in the Greek and Roman writers, but also from several places in the sacred Scriptures." See Adam Clarke's Comm. note on this passage, "I must own I have known an instance that makes much for Bokhart's argument; an officer who had upwards of two pounds of powder and oil put on his head daily, whose hair did not weigh one fourth part of the weight of Absalom's, 2 Sam. xiv. 26. Dr. Clarke need have been at no trouble to resort to the aid of ointments to make up the weight; we could easily prove, if it was necessary, that a greater amount of hair in weight than that of Absalom is often

cut from the head in the course of a year. In noticing this subject it may not be amiss to mention, that Absalom's hair cannot be chargeable with his death, as is generally very erroneously supposed. It is written that his head was caught in the branches of the tree; but his hair is not implicated in that transaction. 2 Sam. xviii. 9.

The history of Samson's hair has been a subject of much investigation. The cause of his strength being seated in his hair, conveys faintly the idea, which the ancients always entertained, that the length and texture of the hair were connected in some unaccountable manner with the strength of the individual. Samson, being a Nazarene, was obliged to let it grow to a certain length, until the time for offering as a sacrifice should come. The seven locks of his head (Judges xvi. 13) are supposed to imply that it was plaited into that number of folds, and Dr. Clarke has remarked that seven forms the number of perfection among the Hebrews. A French author, M. de Lavaur, *Conférence de la Fable, etc.*, was the first who made the acute criticism, that the strength of Samson was always accompanied by a surprising weakness, namely his love for women. This remark we shall see is in perfect consistence with the physical strength with which they were supposed to be endowed, who permitted the hair to grow at length. This idea is certainly, to some extent, physiologically true. The ceremony of cutting off the hair of the Nazarenes, had doubtless the object in view that in parting with their beauty they should also sacrifice their strength unto the Lord.

The hair is often mentioned again in the Holy Writings, and is often made an attribute of beauty. Solomon admired black hair, and praises the beauty of grey hairs on an old man, when found in the way of righteousness, Cant. v. 11, vi. 5, vii. 5; Prov. xx. 29, vi. 32; Levit. xix. 32. From these facts, and from much contemporaneous history, we may infer that, among the Hebrews, the hair was a particular object of attention. The women were accustomed to adorn it to a most luxurious extent; weaving pearls and gold pieces into the folds of their black locks. These articles were abundant among the Hebrews, for their great wealth enabled them to indulge in ornaments, which at the present day on account of their great price cannot be used. The opposite colors of the gold and pearl contrasted with the black, must have been very appropriate, and, doubtless, as much as their intrinsic value, suggested the use; the ornaments were much more varied and abundant in Judea in the days of old, than they ever have been since. Isaiah, iii. 18, tells us of the tinkling ornaments about the feet, of which the Lord should deprive the daughters of Zion; and the ornaments of the legs, and the head bands, and the cauls, and the wimples, and the crisping pins, and the stomachers, few of which modern luxury has retained. Horace Vernet has given us a brilliant example of the manner in which the Hebrew women adorned their hair, in his painting of Judith and Holophernes; he has wreathed the tresses of the Jewess with pearls and gold, and in such forms as to show the eminent beauty to which the hair can attain. Judith was a rich and beautiful widow of the daughters of Reuben.

With the ointments which were common in the East, the Jews were well acquainted; in fact the whole body was sometimes lubricated with these mixtures, but particularly the head. Perfumes were sometimes of immense value; spices were numbered after gold in the riches

of Solomon; when the Queen of Sheba came to visit him, she was accompanied with the presents which she had for him, of "the camels which bare spices, and very much gold and precious stones." 1st Kings x. 2. And we have cinnamon mentioned before her gold and pearls among the riches of Cleopatra. The value of gold and spices at the present day, has increased and decreased in about the same proportion: gold being abundant among the Hebrews, and spices almost as rare; owing to reproduction and the facilities of transportation, the spices have in our day become of comparatively little value. But, alas, the stone of the alchemist which was to reproduce gold in the like proportion is yet a mystery. [Our correspondent, in his last article "On the Use of Hair among the Ancients," speaking of the rending the hair as a sign of grief, on page 442, remarks as follows: "I am not aware that any of our poets have made this indicative of sorrow." A friend of extensive reading has furnished us with the following instances among the old English poets, and while assenting to the general fact as related by our correspondent, finds as the reason that we have Christian principles, and grief is moderated:]

"He tore his hair."—Dryden—*Pal'm and Arcite.*
CHACUER.

"Her golden locks most cruelly she rent,
And scratcht her face with ghastly drerlment."—
SPENSER's *Fairy Queen.*

"Then might'st thou tear thy hair."—
SHAKS. *Rom. and Juliet.*

"I am not mad, this hair I tear is mine."—
King John.

Reviews.

Harold: the Last of the Saxon Kings. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

"BULWER'S Last" does not make the talk in these times of political excitement that one of his works would have called out a few years since; yet, to our mind, he has vastly improved alike in the scope, depth, and reality of his writing of late years.

The author of Pelham still indeed loves to work, as ever, upon a theory. But he aims less at mere effect, and his discipline in dramatic writing, since the days of Devereux and the Disowned, enables him to delineate character with a more vigorous approach to reality, than marked the half metaphysical half-melodramatic abstractions which figured as men in his earlier productions. But notwithstanding the brilliancy with which his acknowledged dramatic power comes out in several scenes of the work before us—and notwithstanding the vividness and value of the work as a curious, elaborate, and varied illustration of history, it is, when viewed as a mere romance, one of the most tedious we ever encountered. Indeed, if regarded in this light solely, it is inferior in continuity of interest to the flimsiest of Mr. James's Tales. But though Bulwer might have written a more attractive book, as the children say, "all out of his own head," the difficult task he has here encountered does great credit to his aspirations as a scholar. It is an effort worthy of genius, to quicken new life in the dry bones which the antiquarian has huddled together, and swept the dust from forgotten chronicles with the wing of fancy. But Bulwer will yet write a better novel relating to the period in which he has been delving lately, and one which shall be less suggestive of the author having *crammed* for the occasion, instead of having absorbed his knowledge, and incorporated it with his

own mind, in the habitual pursuit of a favorite branch of study.

We have already given two extracts from the work in anticipation of its appearance; but it abounds in scenes and passages which, though sometimes inartistically breaking the interest of the story by their episodical character, are very perfect in themselves when detached at length. The portrait of a traditional Son of Song stands out finely in the following scene:—

TAILLEFER—THE FAMOUS MINSTREL.

"The mirth languished at the royal table, despite some gay efforts from Rolf, and some hollow attempts at light-hearted cheerfulness from the great duke, whose eyes, wandering down the table, were endeavoring to distinguish Saxon from Norman, and count how many of the first already might be reckoned in the train of his friends. But at the long tables below, as the feast thickened, and ale, mead, pigment, morat, and wine circled round, the tongue of the Saxon was loosed, and the Norman knight lost somewhat of his superb gravity. It was just as what a Danish poet called the 'sun of the night' (in other words, the fierce warinthe of the wine) had attained its meridian glow, that some slight disturbance at the doors of the hall, without which waited a dense crowd of the poor, on whom the fragments of the feast were afterwards to be bestowed, was followed by the entrance of two strangers, for whom the officers appointed to marshal the entertainment, made room at the foot of one of the tables. Both these newcomers were clad with extreme plainness; one in a dress, though not quite monastic, that of an ecclesiastic of low degree; the other in a long grey mantle and loose gonna, the train of which last was tucked into a broad leather belt, leaving bare the leggings, which showed limbs of great bulk and sinew, and which were stained by the dust and mire of travel. The first mentioned was slight and small of person; the last was of the height and port of the sons of Anak. The countenances of neither could be perceived, for both had let fall the hood, worn by civilians and by priests out of doors, more than half way over their faces.

"A murmur of great surprise, disdain, and resentment, at the intrusion of strangers so attired, circulated round the neighborhood in which they had been placed, checked for a moment by a certain air of respect which the officer had shown towards both, but especially the taller; but breaking out with greater vivacity from the faint restraint, as the tall man unceremoniously stretched across the board, drew towards himself an immense flagon, which (agreeably to the custom of arranging the feast in 'messes' of four) had been specially appropriated to Ulf the Dane, Godrith the Saxon, and two young Norman knights akin to the puissant Lord of Grantmesnil—and having offered it to his comrade, who shook his head, drained it with a gusto that seemed to bespeak him at least no Norman, and wiped his lips boorishly with the sleeve of his huge arm.

"'Dainty sir,' said one of those Norman knights, William Mallet, of the house of Mallet de Graville, as he moved as far from the gigantic intruder as the space on the settle would permit, 'forgive the observation, that you have damaged my mantle, you have grazed my foot, and you have drunk my wine. And vouchsafe, if it so please you, the face of the man who hath done this triple wrong to William Mallet de Graville.'

"A kind of laugh—for laugh absolute it was not—rattled under the cowl of the tall stranger, as he drew it still closer over his face, with a hand that might have spanned the breast of his interrogator, and he made a gesture as if he did not understand the question addressed to him.

"Therewith the Norman knight, bending with demure courtesy across the board to Godrith the Saxon, said—

"Pardex, but this fair guest and seigneur seemeth to me, noble Godree (whose name I fear my lips do but rudely enounce), of Saxon line and language; our Romance tongue he knoweth not. Pray you, is it the Saxon custom to enter a king's hall so garbed, and drink a knight's wine so mutely?"

"Godirth, a young Saxon of considerable rank, but one of the most sedulous of the imitators of the foreign fashions, colored high at the irony in the knight's speech, and turning rudely to the huge guest, who was now causing immense fragments of pasty to vanish under the cavernous cowl, he said in his native tongue, though with a lisp as if unfamiliar to him—

"If thou beest Saxon, shame us not with thy ceorlish manners; crave pardon of this Norman thegn, who will doubtless yield it to thee in pity. Uncover thy face—a—"

"Here the Saxon's rebuke was interrupted; for, one of the servitors, just then approaching Godirth's side with a spit, elegantly caparisoned with some score of plump larks, the unmanly giant stretched out his arm within an inch of the Saxon's startled nose, and possessed himself of larks, broche, and all. He drew off two, which he placed on his friend's platter, despite all dissuasive gesticulations, and deposited the rest upon his own. The young banqueters gazed upon the spectacle in wrath too full for words.

"At last spoke Mallet de Graville, with an envious eye upon the larks—for though a Norman was not glutinous, he was epicurean—'Certes, and *toi de chevalier*! a man must go into strange parts if he wish to see monsters; but we are fortunate people (and he turned to his Norman friend Aymer Quen or Count D'Evereux), that we have discovered Polyphemus without going so far as Ulysses; and, pointing to the hooded giant, he quoted, appropriately enough,

'Monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.'

"The giant continued to devour his larks, as complacently as the ogre to whom he was likened might have devoured the Greeks in his cave. But his fellow-intruder seemed agitated by the sound of the Latin; he lifted up his head suddenly, and showed lips glistening with white, even teeth, and curved into an approving smile, while he said: 'Bene, mi fili! bene, *lepidissime, poetæ verba, in militis ore, non indecora sonant.*'

"The young Norman stared at the speaker, and replied, in the same tone of grave affectation—'Courteous sir! the approbation of an ecclesiastic so eminent as I take you to be, from the modesty with which you conceal your greatness, cannot fail to draw upon me the envy of my English friends; who are accustomed to swear in *verba magistri*, only for *verba* they learnedly substitute *vina*.'

"You are pleasant, Sire Mallet," said Godirth, reddening; "but I know well that Latin is only fit for monks and shavelings; and little know even *they* have to boast of."

"The Norman's lip curled in disdain. 'Latin!—O, Godree, *bien ami!*—Latin is the tongue of Cesars and senators, *fortes* conquerors and *preux* chevaliers. Knowest thou not that Duke William the dauntless at eight years old had the *Comments of Julius Caesar* by heart?—and that it is his saying, that "a king without letters is a crowned ass?" When the king is an ass, asinine are his subjects. Wherefore go to school, speak respectfully of thy betters, the monks and shavelings, who with us are often brave captains and sage councillors—and learn that a full head makes a weighty hand."

"Thy name, young knight?" said the ecclesiastic, in Norman French, though with a slight foreign accent.

"I can give it thee," said the giant, speaking aloud for the first time, in the same language, and in a rough voice, which a quick ear might have observed was disguised—"I can describe to thee name, birth, and quality. By name this

youth is Guillaume Mallet, sometimes styled De Graville, because our Norman gentilhommes, forsooth, must always now have a "de" tacked to their names; nevertheless he hath no other right to the seigneurie of Graville, which appertains to the head of his house, than may be conferred by an old tower on one corner of the demesnes so designated, with lands that would feed one horse and two villeins—if they were not in pawn to a Jew for moneys to buy velvet mantelines and a chain of gold. By birth, he comes from Mallet, a bold Norwegian in the fleet of Rolf the Sea-king; his mother was a Franc woman, from whom he inherits his best possessions—videlicet, a shrewd wit and a railing tongue. His qualities are abstinence, for he eateth nowhere save at the cost of another—some Latin, for he was meant for a monk, because he seemed too slight of frame for a warrior—some courage, for in spite of his frame he slew three Burgundians with his own hand; and Duke William, among other foolish acts, spoilt a friar *sans tache*, by making a knight *sans terre*; and for the rest—"

"And for the rest," interrupted the Sire de Graville, burning white with wrath, but speaking in a low, repressed voice, "were it not that Duke William sate yonder, thou shouldst have six inches of cold steel in thy huge carcase to digest thy stolen dinner, and silence thy unmanly tongue.—"

"For the rest," continued the giant, indifferently, and as if he had not heard the interruption; "for the rest, he only resembles Achilles, in being *impiger, iracundus*. Big men can quote Latin as well as little ones, Messire Mallet the *beau clerc*!"

"Mallet's hand was on his dagger, and his eye dilated like that of the panther before he springs; but fortunately, at that moment, the deep sonorous voice of William, accustomed to send its sounds down the ranks of an army, rolled clear through the assemblage, though pitched little above its ordinary key:—

"Fair is your feast, and bright is your wine, sir king and brother mine! But I miss here what king and knight hold as the salt of the feast and the perfume to the wine: the lay of the minstrel. Besrew me, but both Saxon and Norman are of kindred stock, and love to hear in hall and bower the deeds of their northern fathers. Crave I therefore from your gleemen, or harpers, some song of the olden time."

"A murmur of applause went through the Norman part of the assembly; the Saxons looked up; and some of the more practised courtiers sighed wearily, for they knew well what ditties alone were in favor with the saintly Edward.

"The low voice of the king in reply was not heard, but those habituated to read his countenance in its very faint varieties of expression, might have seen that it conveyed reproof; and its purport soon became practically known, when a lugubrious prelude was heard from a quarter of the hall, in which sat certain ghost-like musicians in white robes—white as winding-sheets; and forthwith a dolorous and dirge-like voice chanted a long and most tedious recital of the miracles and martyrdom of some early saint. So monotonous was the chant, that its effect soon became visible in a general drowsiness. And when Edward, who alone listened with attentive delight, turned towards the close to gather sympathizing admiration from his distinguished guests, he saw his nephew yawning as if his jaw were dislocated—the Bishop of Bayeux, with his well-ringed fingers interlaced and resting on his stomach, fast asleep—Fitzosborne's small, half-shaven head, balancing to and fro with many an uneasy start—and William, wide awake, indeed, but with eyes fixed on vacant space, and his soul far away from the gridiron to which (all other saints be praised!) the saint of the ballad had at last happily arrived.

"A comforting and salutary recital, Count William," said the king.

"The duke started from his reverie, and bowed his head: then said rather abruptly,

"Is not yon blazon that of King Alfred?"

"Yea. Wherefore?"

"Hem! Matilda of Flanders is in direct descent from Alfred: it is a name and a line the Saxons yet honor!"

"Surely, yes; Alfred was a great man, and reformed the Psalmster," replied Edward.

"The dirge ceased, but so benumbing had been its effect, that the torpor it created, did not subside with the cause. There was a dead and funereal silence throughout the spacious hall, when suddenly, loudly, mightily, as the blast of the trumpet upon the hush of the grave, rose a single voice. All started—all turned—all looked to one direction; and they saw that the great voice pealed from the furthest end of the hall. From under his gown the gigantic stranger had drawn a small, three-stringed instrument—something resembling the modern lute—and thus he sang—

THE BALLAD OF ROU.

I.

"From Blois to Senlis, wave by wave, roll'd on the Norman flood,
And Frank on Frank went drifting down the welter-tide of blood;
There was not left in all the land a castle wall to fire,
And not a wife but wailed a lord, a child but mourned a sire.
To Charles the king, the mitred monks, the mailed barons flew,
While, shaking earth, behind them strode the thunder march of Rou.

II.

"O king," then cried those barons bold, "in vain are mace and mail,
We fall before the Norman axe, as corn before the hail."
"And vainly," cried the pious monks, "by Mary's shrine we kneel,
For prayers, like arrows, glance aside, against the Norman steel."
The barons groaned, the shavelings wept, while near and nearer drew,
As death-birds round their scented feast, the raven flags of Rou.

III.

"Then said King Charles, 'Where thousands fall, what king can stand alone?
The strength of kings is in the men that gather round the throne.
When war dismays my barons bold, 'tis time for war to cease;
When Heaven forsakes my pious monks, the will of Heaven is peace.
Go forth, my monks, with mass and rood the Norman camp unto,
And to the fold, with shepherd crook, entice this grisly Rou.

IV.

"I'll give him all the ocean coast, from Michael Mount to Eure,
And Gille, my child, shall be his bride, to bind him fast and sure;
Let him but kiss the Christian cross, and sheathe the heathen sword,
And hold the lands I cannot keep, a fief from Charles his lord.
Forth went the Pastor of the Church, the Shepherd's work to do,
And wrap the golden fleece around the tiger loins of Rou.

V.

"Psalm-chanting came the shaven monks, within the camp of dread;
Amidst his warriors, Norman Rou stood taller by the head.
Out spoke the Frank Archbishop then, a priest devout and sage,
"When peace and plenty wait thy word, what need of war and rage?
Why waste a land as fair as aught beneath the arch of blue,
Which might be thine to sow and reap? Thus saith the king to Rou:

VI.

"I'll give thee all the ocean coast, from Michael Mount to Eure,
And Gille, my fairest child, as bride, to bind thee fast and sure;
If thou but kneel to Christ our God, and sheathe thy paynif sword,
And hold thy land, the Church's son, a fief from Charles thy Lord.
The Norman on his warriors looked—to counsel they withdrew;
The saints took pity on the Franks, and moved the soul of Rou.

VII.

"So back he strode and thus he spoke, to that archbishop meek:
"I take the land thy king bestows from Eure to Michael peak,

I take the maid, or foul or fair, a bargain with the coast,
And for thy creed, a 'sea-king's gods are those that give the most.
So lie thee back, and tell thy chief to make his proffer true,
And he shall find a docile son, and ye a saint in Rou.'

VIII.

" So o'er the border stream of Epte came Rou the Norman, where,
Begirt with barons, sat the king, enthroned at green St. Clair;
He placed his hand in Charles's hand, loud shouted all the throng,
But tears were in King Charles's eyes—the grip of Rou was strong.
' Now kiss the foot,' the bishop said, ' that homage still is due.'
Then dark the frown and stern the smile of that grim convert Rou.

IX.

" He takes the foot, as if the foot to slavish lips to bring:
The Normans scowl; he tilts the throne, and backward falls the king.
Loud laugh the joyous Norman men—pale stare the Franks aghast;
And Rou lifts up his head as from the wind springs up the mast:
' I said I would adore a God, but not a mortal too;
The foot that fled before a foe let cowards kiss!' said Rou.

" No words can express the excitement which this rough minstrelsy—marred as it is by our poor translation from the Romance-tongue in which it was chanted—produced among the Norman guests; less, perhaps, indeed, the song itself, than the recognition of the minstrel; and as he closed, from more than a hundred voices came the loud murmur, only subdued from a shout by the royal presence, ' Taillefer, our Norman Taillefer!'

We have already mentioned that Bulwer has aimed high in the preparation of this work. It is remarkable that notwithstanding this substantial ambition, few of his books more abound in those besetting affectations of style which Dickens has taken off so admirably. With some readers the imitation of scriptural genealogy and general aiming at Biblical effect in the following quotation will seem perfectly successful—to others it will appear ridiculous:

THE HOUSE OF GODWIN.

" And all went to the desire of Duke William the Norman. With one hand he curbed his proud vassals, and drove back his fierce foes. With the other, he led to the altar, Matilda, the maid of Flanders; and all happened as Lanfranc had foretold. William's most formidable enemy, the King of France, ceased to conspire against his new kinsman, and the neighboring princes said, ' The Bastard hath become one of us since he placed by his side the descendant of Charlemagne.' And Mauger, Archbishop of Rouen, excommunicated the duke and his bride, and the ban fell idle; for Lanfranc sent from Rome the pope's dispensation and blessing, conditionally only that bride and bridegroom founded each a church. And Mauger was summoned before the synod, and accused of unclerical crimes; and they deposed him from his state, and took from him abbeys and sees. And England, every day, waxed more and more Norman; and Edward grew more feeble and infirm, and there seemed not a barrier between the Norman duke and the English throne, when suddenly the wind blew in the halls of heaven, and filled the sails of Harold the earl.

" And his ships came to the mouth of the Severn. And the people of Somerset and Devon, a mixed and mainly a Celtic race, who bore small love to the Saxons, drew together against him, and he put them to flight, and slew more than thirty good thegns.

" Meanwhile, Godwin and his sons, Sweyn, Tostig, and Gurth, who had taken refuge in that very Flanders from which William the duke had won his bride (for Tostig had wed, previously, the sister of Matilda, the rose of Flanders; and Count Baldwin had, for his sons-in-law, both Tostig and William)—meanwhile, I say, these,

not holpen by the Count Baldwin, but helping themselves, lay at Bruges, ready to join Harold the earl. And Edward, advised of this from the anxious Norman, caused forty ships to be equipped, and put them under command of Rolf, earl of Hereford. The ships lay at Sandwich in wait for Godwin. But the old earl got from them, and landed quietly on the southern coast. And the fort of Hastings opened to his coming with a shout from its armed men.

" All the boatmen, all the mariners, far and near, thronged to him, with sail and with shield, with sword and with oar. All Kent (the foster-mother of the Saxons) sent forth the cry, ' Life or death with Earl Godwin.' Fast over the length and breadth of the land went the bodes and riders of the earl; and hosts, with one voice, answered the cry of the children of Horsa, ' Life or death with Earl Godwin.' And the ships of King Edward, in dismay, turned flag and prow to London, and the fleet of Harold sailed on. So the old earl met his young son on the deck of a war-ship, that had once borne the Raven of the Dane.

" Swelled and gathering sailed the armament of the English men. Slow up the Thames it sailed, and on either shore marched tumultuous the swarming multitudes. And King Edward sent after more help, but it came up very late. So the fleet of the earl nearly faced the Juillet Keape of London, and abode at Southwark till the flood-tide came up. When he had mustered his host, then came the flood-tide.

Eastern Life; Present and Past. By Harriet Martineau. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1848.

In the way of travel, this book is the richest of the season; that is to say, to us, for everything is relatively no less than positively good or bad. To one who in infancy learns by heart the Bible stories on his mother's knee; in childhood has waded with praiseworthy perseverance through the compendiums of Russell, and other historians, becoming precociously learned in dynasties, chronologies, and hieroglyphics; in dreamier youth has languished through the luxurious scenes of Moore's "Epicurean"; and who has afterwards laughed with Stephens, or gone back to stumble among vaults and catacombs with Young, Champollion, and Burckhardt—Egypt has a strange fascination. It is unlike other countries, which (China excepted) partake something of the common world; to think of it is like stepping upon another planet or into fairy-land, or flying back to chaos and creation; its very name sounds magical and mystical—rhymes with crypt, and even in every-day print, smells of spiced mummies, and has a frightful crocodile look in every one of its sprawling letters. To an American, there is only one thing that abates the "grand, gloomy, and peculiar" associations of Egypt, and that is to see the uses to which its grotesque architecture is here appropriated—police prisons, railway stations, and cottages ornées! And yet there is something symbolical of the ancient imprisonment of mind, the sacred mysteries and the Israelitish bondage, in the first use,—something coincident in the bringing together of extremes of time, invention, and sentiment, in the second, to say nothing of the mysterious interest that lies in steam engines no less than pyramids, or the fitness of the winged globe as an emblem of the present age; otherwise, we should contend that the architecture of the Nile and the Desert be confined to cemeteries.

At this crisis of the world, also, there is a peculiar interest, to our fancy, in the land of obelisks and sphinxes, created by contrast. While other quarters of the globe are rocking with revolutions that follow each other in per-

plexing rapidity, and run into each other with confusing complexity, it is not unpleasant to fold the wing of an excited imagination on the summit of one of the Pyramids, where all is silent and changeless around, and from whence we may safely watch the sublime commotions of nations. By this we do not intend to say that canals, cabals, and Calvinism—that railroads, razors, and radicalism have not already begun to make their inroads into the old domains of the Pharaohs; so far from this, as we shall find in a subsequent quotation from Miss Martineau's work, his turbaned Highness, Mehemet Ali, has put the New York Legislature quite to the blush in his mode of excavating canals, while, on the other hand, the same bearded dignitary has set the crowned heads of Europe a notable example in the manner he deals with liberals. It will be recollected that, not long since, a committee of Turkish progressives, or it might have been a flat-nosed delegation of Copts, disturbed the pasha's post-prandial nap by presenting a petition for the freedom of the press, a Chartist banquet, or some other monstrous project; and what did the paternal monarch do? So soon as he apprehended their design, through the fragrant clouds of his chibouque, he very placidly turned to his prime minister, and ordered every one of the committee to be bowstringed forthwith. Truly, an excellent mode of allaying discontent! Never for a moment did he entertain the thought of retreating in disguise through a side door, and taking a fishing-smack for the Island of Cyprus.

Miss Martineau's "Eastern Life" fills one's idea of a book of information and amusement; she combines the historian, antiquary, artist, and tourist, in most agreeable proportions; herself a host, she brings all her fascination as a novelist, her depth as a political economist and philosopher, her observation as a Western no less than Eastern traveller, her enthusiasm as a philanthropist, her liveliness as a woman, to the task. Here we have a sketchy delineation of character, there an exquisite picture of scenery; here a mirthful relation of incident, there a profound disquisition; here a summing up of the past, there a hopeful prophecy of the future. She is a rare instance of a woman who possesses every strong, masculine point, without detriment to the delicacy, ardor, and instincts of her sex. The latter circumstance would be entirely forgotten by the reader did he not occasionally meet such expressions as these: "the birds hopping about so spruce and so gay"—"up I jumped with my lap full of work"—"the day was dreadfully hot." These ladyisms interrupt the philosophical or narrative flow of the work with startling effect; at such moments we cannot forget that it is Harriet Martineau herself, with her tin trumpet at her ear and her scissors pendent from her waist, not a learned baronet, who is sailing up the Nile, or trotting camel-back across the deserts; and we sympathize with grave Arabs in their astonishment at a female, bonneted, her face unmuffled, and her person guarded with gallant attendance. In a few instances, it may be well to add, they so overcame their incredulity and sense of shocked propriety, as to approach her familiarly, take her ear-trumpet, signify their perfect conception of its design, put it to their mouths, and attempt to blow a brave blast. On the whole, it is significant of the times that an Englishwoman has shaken hands with the sheikhs of Idumea and visited Mount Sinai; next, our Saxon ladies will be spending their summers in the "happy valley" of Rasselas, exploring the sources of the Nile and Niger, taking the altitude of the Mountains

of the Moon, bargaining for a mud cottage at Timbuctoo, or meeting in reform-conventions at Sennaar.

Some tendency to rationalistic views is observable throughout the book. Where this is confined to tracing the forms of Egyptian art to natural phenomena, or deriving mythology from exterior influences and the circumstances of a people, it is well enough; but where a profane hand is laid on the Oracles of God, and the Mosaic institutions, for instance, are made the mere eclectic system of a man of genius, attributed to all kinds of origin, and accounted for by every variety of theory, instead of being referred directly to their Divine source, it is an insufferable impertinency. We have no doubt that the Egyptians in some natural way came to worship the crocodile and embalm the ox, but we have no idea that Moses invented Monotheism, or stumbled upon it. A theory may be very good; but why take pains to elaborate it, when Revelation has made it gratuitous? Is there no Hand ever reached down from Heaven, and must we even account for the existence of God? A pity it is our modern wise-acres who are so profound in the beginnings of things, who make Adam an idiot or dispense with Adam altogether, who find an excellent reason for the cutting short of human life or make its recorded longevity a myth, who date back the Pyramids before the creation of the world and the building of Thebes before the construction of the solar system, who in short must explain everything on a principle which would leave their own (as we believe) premature or accidental existence unexplained—it is to be regretted that they do not bear in mind Charles Lamb's historical account of roast pig. The swine-herd Ho-ti—a Chinese, left his cottage in charge of Bo-bo, "a great lubberly boy;" Bo-bo set it on fire—a litter of nine pigs perished in the flames—Bo-bo was attracted by the smell—touched the pigs—burned his fingers—applied them hastily to his mouth—thus tasted roast pig; after this, Bo-bo burned down the cottage as often as it was built—his father discovered the secret—himself came to love the dainty—after this was an accomplice of Bo-bo's in destroying the hut; the custom of firing houses soon obtained in the whole district, until they saw that pig might be roasted without burning a house; and thus the world was possessed of this gentle dish. Now who can deny this theory? It accounts for the origin of roast pig in the most *rational* and satisfactory manner possible.

The book before us is one of no ordinary beauty of description, variety of learning, and depth of reflection; it is eminently one of thought—original, fresh, and forceful; but with an impatient compositor's demand to supply, we cannot, if disposed, take up any of the vague "Eastern questions," or discuss with the authoress, the "Faiths" of Egypt, Sinai, Palestine, and Syria; a few extracts must answer, in addition to those already given in previous numbers of this journal.

MAHMOUDIEH CANAL.

"This is the canal which, as everybody knows, cost the lives of above twenty thousand people, from the pasha's hurry to have it finished, and the want of due preparation for such a work in such a country. Without tools and sufficient food, the poor creatures brought here by compulsion to work died off rapidly under fatigue and famine. Before the improvements of the pasha are vaunted in European periodicals as putting European enterprises to shame, it might be as well to ascertain their cost,—in other things as well as money;—the taxes of pain and death, as well as of piastres, which are

levied to pay for the pasha's public works. There must be some ground for the horror which impels a whole population to such practices as are every day seen in Egypt, to keep out of the reach and the ken of government;—practices such as putting out an eye, pulling out the teeth necessary for biting cartridges, and cutting off a forefinger, to incapacitate men for active service. The fear of every other sort of conscription, besides that for the supply of the army, is no less urgent; and it is a common practice for parents to incapacitate their children for reading and writing by putting out an eye, and cutting off the forefinger of the right hand. Any misfortune is to be encountered rather than that of entering the pasha's army, the pasha's manufactures, the pasha's schools. This can hardly be all baseless folly on the part of the people. If questioned, they could at least point to the twenty-three thousand deaths which took place in six months, in the making of the Mahmoudieh Canal.

"The pasha is proud of this canal, as men usually are of achievements for which they have paid extravagantly. And he still brings his despotic will to bear upon it in defiance of nature and circumstance. I was told to-day of his transmission of Lord Hardinge by it, when Lord Hardinge and everybody else believed the canal to be impassable from want of water. This want of water was duly represented to the pasha: but as he still declared that Lord Hardinge should go by that way and no meaner one, Lord Hardinge had only to wait and see how it would be managed. He went on board the steamer at Alexandria, and proceeded some way, when a bar of dry ground appeared extending across the canal. But this little inconvenience was to be no impediment. A thousand soldiers appeared on the banks, who waded to the steamer, and fairly shouldered it, with all its passengers, and carried it over the bar. The same thing happened at the next dry place, and the next; and thus the pasha is able to say that he forwarded Lord Hardinge by his own steamer on his own great canal."

SAILING ON THE NILE.

"There were the pranks of the crew, whose oddities were unceasing, and particularly rich in the early morning. Then it was that they mimicked whatever they saw us do,—sometimes for the joke, but as often with the utmost seriousness. I sometimes thought that they took certain of our practices for religious exercises. The solemnity with which one or another tried to walk the deck rapidly, to dance, and to skip the rope, looked like this. The poor fellow who laid hands on the skipping-rope paid (he probably thought) the penalty of his impiety. At the first attempt, down he came, flat on his face. If Mr. E. looked through his glass, some Ibraheem or Mustafa would snatch up an oar for a telescope, and see marvellous things in the plain. If, in the heat, either of the gentlemen nodded over his book, half the crew would go to sleep instantly, peeping every moment to see the effect. Then, there were the veiled women coming down to the river to fill their water-pots. Or the men, at prayer-time, performing their ablutions and prostrations. And there was the pretty sight of the preparation of the drying-banks for the new crop; the hoeing with the short, heavy, antique hoe. And the harrow, drawn by a camel, would appear on the ridge of the bank. And the working of the shadoofs was perpetual, and always interesting. Those who know what the shadoof is like, may conceive the picture of its working;—the almost naked Arabs,—usually in pairs,—lowering and raising their skin buckets by the long lever overhead, and emptying them into the trough beside them, with an observance of time as regular as in their singing. Where the bank is high, there is another pair of shadoofs at work above and behind; and sometimes a third, before the water can be sent flowing in its little channels through the fields. Then, there were the endless manœuvres of innumerable birds,

about the islets and rocks; and a buffalo, here and there, swimming from bank to bank, and finding it, at last, no easy matter to gain the land. Then, there was the ferry-boat, with its ragged sail, and its motley freight of turbaned men, veiled women, naked children, brown sheep, frightened asses, and imperturbable buffaloes. Then, there were the long palisades of sugar-canies edging the banks; or the steep slopes, all soft and bright with the springing wheat or the bristling lupins. Then, there were the villages, with their somewhat pyramidal houses, their clouds of pigeons, and their shelter of palms; or, here and there, a town, with its minarets rising out of its cincture of acacia. And it was not long before we found our sight sharpened to discern holes in the rocks, far or near; holes so squared at the entrance as to hint of sculpture or painting within. And then, as the evening drew on, there was the sinking of the sun, and the coming out of the colors which had been discharged by the glare in the middle of the day. The vast and dreary and hazy Arabian desert became yellow, melting into the purple hills; the muddy waters took a lilac hue; and the shadows of the sharp-cut banks were as blue as the central sky. As for the moon, we could, for the first time in our lives, see her the first night; the slenderest thread of light, of cup-like form, visible for a few minutes after sunset; the old moon being so clearly marked as to be seen by itself after the radiant rim was gone. I have seen it behind a palm, or resting on the ridge of a mountain like a copper ball. And when the fuller moon came up from the east, and I, forgetting the clearness of the sky, have been struck by the sudden dimness, and have looked up to watch her passing behind a cloud, it was delicious to see, instead of any cloud, the fronds of a palm waving upon her disk. One night, I saw an appearance perfectly new to me. No object was perceptible on the high black eastern bank, above and behind which hung the moon; but in her golden track on the dimpled waters were the shadows of palms, single and in clusters, passing over swiftly,—'authentic tidings of invisible things.' And then, there was the rising of Orion. I have said that the constellations were less conspicuous than at home, from the universal brilliancy of the sky; but Orion shone forth, night by night, till the punctual and radiant apparition became almost oppressive to the watching sense. I came at last to know his first star as it rose clear out of the bank. He never issued whole from a haze on the horizon, as at home. As each star rose, it dropped a duplicate upon the surface of the still waters; and on a calm night, it was hard to say which Orion was the brightest. And how different was the wind from our cloud-laden winds in England! Except that it carried us on, I did not like wind in Egypt. The palms, bowed from their graceful height, and bent all one way, are as ugly as trees can be; and the dust flies in clouds, looking like smoke or haze on land, and settling on our faces, even in the middle of the stream. Though called sand, it is, for the most part, mere dust from the limestone ranges, forming mud when moistened. The wind served, however, to show us a sand-pillar now and then, like a column of smoke moving slowly along the ground. On this second day of our voyage, when we were approaching Benissoeef, the wind made ugly what on a calm evening would have been lovely. A solitary house, in the midst of a slip of alluvial land, all blown upon with dust, looked to us the most dreary of dwellings. But the lateen sails on the river were a pretty feature,—one or two at a time, winding in and out, with the bends of the stream. We saw one before us near Benissoeef, this day. It proved to be our Scotch friend's. Our boat beat his in strong wind; and we swept past in good style,—the gentlemen uncapping and bowing; the ladies waving their handkerchiefs. I had no idea that the racing spirit had entered into them, till one of the ladies told me, the next time we met, 'We were so mortified when you passed us!'

THE HOLY ISLAND.

"The boat which took us from Mahatta to Phile was too heavy for her hands, and could hardly stem some of the currents; but at last, about seven o'clock, we set our foot on the Holy Island, and felt one great object of our journey accomplished. What a moment it was, just before, when we first saw Phile, as we came round the point,—saw the crowd of temples looming in the mellow twilight. And what a moment it was now, when we trod the soil, as sacred to wise old races of men as Mecca now to the Mohammedan, or Jerusalem to the Christian; the huge propyla, the sculptured walls, the colonnades, the hypæthral temple all standing, in full majesty, under a flood of moonlight! The most sacred of ancient oaths was in my mind all the while, as if breathed into me from without;—the awful oath 'By Him who sleeps in Phile.' Here, surrounded by the imperishable Nile, sleeping to the everlasting music of its distant Cataract, and watched over by his Isis, whose temple seems made to stand for ever, was the benevolent Osiris believed to lie. There are many Holy Islands scattered about the seas of the world; the very name is sweet to all ears; but no one has been so long and so deeply sacred as this. The waters all round were, this night, very still; and the more suggestive were they of the olden age when they afforded a path for the processions of grateful worshippers, who came from various points of the mainland, with their lamps, and their harps, and their gifts, to return thanks for the harvests which had sprung and ripened at the bidding of the god. One could see them coming in their boats, there where the last western light gleamed on the river; one could see them land at the steps at the end of the colonnade; and one could imagine this great group of temples lighted up till the prominent sculpture of the walls looked almost as bright and real as the moving forms of the actual offerers. But the silence and desertion of the place soon made themselves felt. Our foot-steps on the loose stones, and our voices in an occasional question, and the flapping wings of the birds whom we disturbed, were the only sounds; and the lantern which was carried before us in the shadowy recesses was a dismal light for such a place. I could not, under the circumstances, make out anything of the disposition of the buildings; and I think that a visit to Phile by moonlight had better be preceded by a visit to Phile by daylight; but I am glad to have seen the solemn sight, now that I can look back upon it with the fresh eyes of clear knowledge of the site and its temples."

A MIRAGE AND DAMASCUS.

"This Field of Damascus is very striking;—a plain of yellowish soil, scantily tilled, or, at least, showing to-day very scanty crops; with bushes and low trees sprinkled here and there, and many streams crossing the track; and the whole plain closed in by many-tinted mountains, of which Lebanon is the crown. Far away, at three hours' journey from the hills, we descended, a black stripe lay straight across the plain, which, as we approached, assumed more and more the appearance of what it really was, a 'verdurous wall of Paradise.' Above the great mass of verdure, sprang the loftiest poplars I ever saw; and when we came within a few miles, the pale minarets appeared above the woods, in rivalry with the dark poplars. Embosomed in these woods lies Damascus.

"On our way we saw the Mirage in great perfection. If I had not known what the plain really contained, I should have been completely deceived; and, as it was, I was perplexed about what was real and what mere semblance. Before us was a wide gleaming lake, with wooded shores. It was these shores that perplexed me; for I could allow for the water. As we approached, the vision faded away, and formed again behind us; only, the waters behind looked grey and dark, whereas they were gleamy when in front. The woods on the shore resolved themselves into scrubby bushes,—the hiding

places, one might suppose, of naughty little mocking elves. There is something unpleasant and disheartening in the sensation of the dissolution of a vivid mirage, even when one is not in want of water and shade. It gives one a strange impression that one must be ill; and when this is added to the real suffering of the wayfarer in the Desert, the misery must be cruel.

"After riding three hours over this plain, and approaching the line of verdure so near as to see yellow walls and towers within the screen, Giuseppe told me we were at Damascus. I was rather disappointed; for I had read of the thirty miles of verdure and wood amidst which the city stands, and I had expected much from the ride among the trees. The walls turned out to be those of a village; and I soon discovered that Giuseppe called the woods Damascus, as well as the city. We rode on still for two hours, along green tracks, past gravel pits and verdant hollows, round villages, through cemeteries, under the shade of glorious groves! It is truly a paradise. The fields and orchards are one; a thing I never saw elsewhere. Out of thick crops of wheat and barley and beans rise fruit and forest trees, which do not seem to injure the vegetation below with their shade. The abundant growth of the walnut exceeds that of any one tree I ever saw, unless it be the apple in the United States. We found that, besides exporting a great quantity of walnuts, a large proportion of the people make them their chief food, eating them as the Spaniards do chestnuts. I saw a vine hanging out its young leaves and tendrils from a walnut, at least thirty feet from the ground. The citron perfumes the air for many miles round the city; and the fig trees are of vast size. The pomegranate and orange grow in thickets. There is the trickling of water on every hand. Wherever you go, there is a trotting brook, or a full and silent stream beside the track; and you have frequently to cross from one vivid green meadow to another, by fording, or by little bridges. These streams are all from the river beloved by Naaman of old. He might well ask whether the Jordan was better than Pharpar and Abana, the rivers of Damascus. These streams, the old Pharpar and Abana, join a little way from the city, and are called the Barrada. The waters are carried in innumerable channels over the whole field of verdure; they again unite in a single stream, which is lost in a lake or swamp called the Lake of the Meadow."

Works in Press.

[From Mirabeau, a Life History; in Press, by Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.

THE CHASE—HOUNDS AT FAULT—GAME ESCAPED!—1776.

THERE appears to have been no such thing as jealousy in the composition of M. de Mounier, for he did not see what to all else was very manifest; or, if he did, winked at it. But M. de St. Mauris, the governor, was very different; he had, it would seem, though seventy himself, made advances to Sophie, which were repulsed with scorn; when, therefore, he discovered the success his prisoner had achieved in the same quarter, he determined to use all the power his situation afforded him, to annoy his luckier rival. An opportunity for recalling him to Joux soon presented itself.

A bale for Mirabeau from Neufchâtel was intercepted, and on being opened, was found to contain copies of the "Essay of Despotism," which had been published at that town. At the same time a promissory note of Mirabeau's came to light; the issuing whereof, he being under a *lettre-de-cachet*, was illegal. Making these his pretexts, St. Mauris wrote a very furious letter to the Marquis of Mirabeau, and shortly after, receiving instructions from him to secure Mirabeau in a cell "not unwholesome, but well barred and bolted," and

to deny him all intercourse whatever, he issued an order to the prisoner to leave Pontarlier and return to the castle.

But Mirabeau had everything to dread from the malevolence of a man who neither lacked inclination nor power to render his life unbearable; and he had, moreover, heard that, in pursuance of his father's request, the tower of Grammont, famed for its horrors and inconvenience, was being prepared for him. He therefore refused his obedience, and after flinging an indignant reproachful farewell at his tyrannical governor, stepped over, on the 16th of January, into Switzerland; and took up his abode at Verrières. After two days' residence there, finding life insupportable away from Sophie, he slipped back covertly and concealed himself at Pontarlier; holding stolen interviews with her when such were practicable.

During this concealed residence, he did not remain idle, but used all his energies to procure some amelioration of his state. He wrote a plain, manly letter to Count St. Germain, the war minister, soliciting a commission, and referring fearlessly to Baron Vioménil, and his other comrades and commanders. To this he received no reply. He also plied his father incessantly with appeals, which were backed with much zeal, and at the same time prudence, by M. Michaud, king's procurator at Pontarlier, whom Mirabeau had won over to his cause. But the barriers between the marquis and his son were firmer now than ever; for the lawsuit with the marchioness was at its height, and, as he expressed it to the bailli, "You see I am interested in prolonging the imprisonment of this scamp, lest he should fly to defend his mother;" and so he treated Mirabeau's letters with indifference, and Michaud's with polite vagueness; until those of the former growing too eloquent, and of the latter too bold and plain-spoken, he silenced them both by a threatening roar. Mirabeau then wrote to his mother, mentioning a scheme for suddenly appearing at court, and by the weight of his eloquence taking St. Germain by storm, and so winning his cause: from this characteristic idea the marchioness dissuaded him. Hesitation soon had to change to action. During this time St. Mauris had not been quiet an hour: by his agency Mirabeau was hunted from house to house; and, guiding M. Monnier's plans by the same means, Sophie was subjected to all manner of insults and persecutions, until, on the 25th of January, she flew to Dijon, and sought refuge with her parents. She flew from bad to worse; for the stern, ascetic de Ruffey, seeing no fault in the compulsory marriage and disparity of age, punished her with the severity of a convent: taking from her all means of correspondence, and confining her to her chamber, over which sentinels were always kept watching.

Scarcely had she departed for Dijon, ere her lover was on the same route; but no sooner had he set foot in that town than he was arrested, through Madame de Ruffey's denunciation of him to the grand provost. Here, as everywhere else, the genial manliness of Mirabeau stood his friend: an hour's conversation with M. Montherot, the grand provost, entirely conquered that gentleman's heart, insomuch that he risked situation and almost honor for his wonderful prisoner. He entered him in the prison under a fictitious name, that his whereabouts might not be known to his father and Pontarlier enemies; gave him liberty on parole; and, when a letter came from the ministry ordering him to be passed again to Joux, even ventured to send back the

order unexecuted, with an appeal to the minister on his behalf.

On the 24th of March, Sophie left Dijon for Pontarlier, to rejoin M. Monnier; who, in his servile dotage, had promised to overlook everything, and treat her with the utmost kindness; and, as no unkindness could be worse than that of her parents, she had preferred returning to him. Mirabeau, on her departure, entered the castle of Dijon, and with the aid of the kind provost, commenced energetic plans for procuring his liberty. With this intent he applied to the good Malesherbes, requesting to be allowed to take his place in his regiment. The minister's heart was ever open to the unfortunate, and to Mirabeau it was eminently so. He sent commissioners down to examine into his crimes, and the justice of his detention. The report of these was highly favorable, and Mirabeau's imprisonment would not have long continued, had not the marquis suddenly pushed forward with all his influence to procure his son's removal to another prison, and confinement during his pleasure: despite the commissioners' report, an order was issued on the 30th of April to transport him to the castle of Dourlens; a prison even more revolting than that of Joux. Unable to resist these measures of the marquis, Malesherbes nevertheless maintained his regard for Mirabeau; and as he was on the point of retiring—feeling it would be out of his power to assist him officially any more, and knowing that officers were ready to conduct him to a new prison—he suggested to him the advisability of flight beyond the frontiers, and service in a foreign army; until time, that great adjuster, should adjust these now-entangled affairs.

Seeing nothing left but this, Mirabeau retracted his parole, and, with the connivance of the governor, on the 25th of May left alike the castle and town of Dijon, and, having assumed the name of Count Beaumont (from an estate of the family), travelled to Verrières once again. As this place was but a mile and a half from the French boundary, he did not deem it safe to tarry there, and so pushed on to Geneva; nearly being wrecked as he traversed the lake.

In the meantime, on the 4th of June, the marquis had procured, from the minister Amelet, a warrant for his apprehension; and Inspector Muron and M. Brugnières, two of the expertest bloodhounds in France, were placed upon the scent; charged not to lose it until they had hunted down the game. And for two months a pretty chase they had of it: always within two days' march of the fugitive, often within two hours', yet never succeeding in laying hands upon him; so cunning a doublet was this hunted hare: with a lion's heart, though!

From Geneva he went by roundabout roads to Lyons, where he remained some days concealed with his sister, Madame de Cabris; who had also been imprudent, and even then lived in close intimacy with a low-born adventurer, named Brianson. This silly lady entered warmly into the romance then enacting; suffering Sophie to write to her as "dear sister" (as did the marchioness also as "dear mother"), and urging forcibly upon her brother to return and fly with his love to another country; offering herself to accompany them with the rascal Brianson. This man and Madame de Cabris were, however, useful to Mirabeau in his flight, and helped not a little to baffle the bloodhounds; until Brianson turned traitor and placed them on the track, so that they almost caught their

prey when he was about to escape altogether from their clutches.

From Lyons Mirabeau slipped down to Avignon, and skulked about in Provence for a week or two; until, his ways becoming known, he had to abandon that part of the country; when proceeding to Nice, he struck off to Turin.

While Mirabeau was thus flying—if not for his life, for his liberty—from town to town, from province to province, the beautiful cause of all this troubous delirium-dance was undergoing a fearful persecution. Directly Mirabeau's escape from Dijon, and his flight to Pontarlier, had become known, Madame de Ruffey dispatched her son to that place, to seize Sophie and convey her to a convent. But old Monnier, doting upon her, would not consent to this, and so she remained with him: but watched, and persecuted, and tormented, until she grew

Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery;
Swift to be buried,
Anywhere—anywhere,
Out of that world.

She would fly anywhere, do anything, crime or not crime, rather than endure such life longer. As for the convent, she told M. Monnier that she loved Mirabeau; that she would ever love him: and that, if it came to a convent, poison or flight should be employed.

Daily, in loud passionate epistles, did these two parted lovers correspond; and daily did the epistles grow ever more and more passionate, till they mounted up to the fierce white-heat of phrensy: and then came the denouement. See how writes the love-sick lady:

"Hear me! I can no longer endure this state of suffering; it is all too terrible to be parted from my husband, and to know that he is wretched. Let us unite ourselves, or let me die! Next year I shall not see; for I neither can nor would endure till then: to live separate from thee, that is to die a thousand deaths daily. After what we have already done, we cannot recede; let us hasten, therefore, to render ourselves happy. Thyself is all I ask—all destinies will seem sweet to me, provided I but share thy fate, and do not quit thee ever! Shall I never, then, receive the signal of our flight? Thou toldst me that we should not be in poverty in our place of retreat; but that thou wouldst teach languages, music, painting: without doubt, thou think'st so still. And I—what could I do? I would labor at our residence—in a shop—as a governess; yes, whatsoever might be necessary, so that we might only be together. My present situation terrifies me—no longer can I endure it—end it must soon. I repeat daily—"MY LOVE OR DEATH!"

So writes, in the hot ebullience of her woman's love, the fond Sophie. See how heat kindles heat, and how Mirabeau acknowledges her prayer.

Bursting out from his lurking den at Turin—with his route betrayed to the bloodhounds by the rascal Brianson, and they flying across country to surprise him in his intended action,—regardless of labor and peril, he plunges into the heart of the Swiss Alps; crosses almost alone the great St. Bernard; dives into the mountainous Valais province; turns north-westerly to the lake of Geneva; and on the 23d of August arrives at Verrières once again.

The same evening, under cover of the night, Sophie, habited as a man, by aid of a ladder, scaled the garden wall of her prison residence; and, flying to the trysting-place on the wings of love, fell safely into the arms of her tried and devoted admirer. Let him who has loved—loved, I say, not meaning had an attachment

—let him who has loved, picture to himself that meeting in the lone country, under the void face of night, with no eye save the many-eyed heavens to mark their transport!

"Madame de Monnier," wrote Mirabeau, "had only myself for a resource: she was compromised, and laid open to ruin by my fault. Should I have abandoned her when I could defend? After leading her to the very verge of the abyss, should I have precipitated her into it? I had then been a prodigy of cowardice, a monster of ingratitude: in that case I should have merited my fate—I should have been the vilest of men! The bare idea makes me shudder! She claimed my assistance and the performance of my oaths: I flew, I ran, I traversed the Alps; and she came then, and delivered up herself, undoubting, to my honor and my truth."

Two days after, when Brugnières and his fellow bloodhound reached Pontarlier, they found that they had come a day too late, and that the prey had escaped their grasp; deluded, outwitted, and evaded them.

As for the united lovers, they resided three weeks in undisturbed retirement at Verrières: and though, by their late rash act, ruined and broken in the world's eye, think ye they were not happy? "Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart!" Have a care, my brother! those are His words. If thou wouldst know how to express thyself on this most questionable act, we say—in silence; but if silence be impossible to thee, why then weep!—weep for the whole race of man; how we are at best but weak, sinful creatures; and the strongest, and the purest, and the best, foolish, frail, and impure before the searching eye of God!

ANTIQUITIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

The long-expected great work upon the "Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley" by Messrs. E. G. SQUIER and E. H. DAVIS, which is to constitute the first volume of the "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge," we are pleased to learn, is now passing through the press, and will be published in August.* We have been favored with a few sheets, from which we take the following passages:

GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF THE ANCIENT EARTH-WORKS.

Although possessing throughout certain general points of resemblance, going to establish a kindred origin, these works, nevertheless, resolve themselves into three grand geographical divisions, which present in many respects, striking contrasts, yet so gradually merge into each other, that it is impossible to determine where one series terminates and the other begins. In the region bordering the upper lakes, to a certain extent in Michigan, Iowa, and Missouri, but particularly in Wisconsin, we find a succession of remains, entirely singular in their form, and presenting but slight analogy to any others of which we have an account, in any portion of the globe. The larger proportion of these are structures of earth, bearing the forms of beasts, birds, reptiles, and even of men; they are frequently of gigantic dimensions, constituting huge *alto-reliefos* upon the face of the country. They are very numerous, and in most cases occur in long and apparently dependent ranges. In connexion with them, are found many conical mounds and occasional short lines of em-

* The publishers on behalf of the authors are Messrs. BARTLETT and WELFORD, New York, and Messrs. J. A. and U. P. James, Cincinnati.

bankment, in rare instances forming enclosures. These animal effigies are mainly confined to Wisconsin, and extend across that territory from Fond du Lac, in a south-western direction, ascending the Fox river, and following the general course of Rock and Wisconsin rivers to the Mississippi. They may be much more extensively disseminated; but it is here only that they have been observed in considerable numbers. In Michigan, as also in Iowa and Missouri, similar elevations, of more or less regular outline, are said to occur. They are represented as dispersed in ranges, like the buildings of a modern city, and covering sometimes an area of many acres.

Further to the southward, in the region watered by the Ohio and its tributaries, we find ancient works of greater magnitude and more manifest design. Among them are a few animal-shaped structures; but they seem to have been erected on different principles and for a different purpose from those just noticed. Here we find numberless mounds, most of them conical but many pyramidal in form, and often of great dimensions. The pyramidal structures are always truncated, sometimes terraced, and generally have graded ascents to their summits. They bear a close resemblance to the Teocallis of Mexico; and the known uses of the latter are suggestive of the probable purposes to which they were applied. Accompanying these, and in some instances sustaining an intimate relation to them, are numerous enclosures of earth and stone, frequently of vast size, and often of regular outline. These are by far the most imposing class of our aboriginal remains, and impress us most sensibly with the numbers and power of the people who built them. The purposes of many of these are quite obvious; and investigation has served to settle, pretty clearly, the character of most of the other works occurring in connexion with them.

Proceeding still further southwards, we find, in the States bordering the Gulf of Mexico, the mounds increasing in size and regularity of form, if not in numbers. Conical mounds become comparatively rare, and the Teocalli-shaped structures become larger and more numerous, and assume certain dependencies in respect to each other, not before observed. The enclosures, on the other hand, diminish in size and numbers; and lose many of the characteristic features of those of a higher latitude, though still sustaining towards them a strong general resemblance. Here, for the first time, we find traces of bricks in the mounds and in the walls of enclosures.

ANCIENT DEFENCES.

Those works which are incontestably defensive usually occupy strong natural positions; and to understand fully their character, their capability for defence, and the nature of their entrenchments, it is necessary to notice briefly the predominant features of the country in which they occur. The valley of the Mississippi river, from the Alleghanies to the ranges of the Rocky Mountains, is a vast sedimentary basin, and owes its general aspect to the powerful agency of water. Its rivers have worn their valleys deep into a vast original plain; leaving, in their gradual subsidence, broad terraces, which mark the eras of their history. The edges of the table-lands, bordering on the valleys, are cut by a thousand ravines, presenting bluff headlands, and high hills with level summits, sometimes connected by narrow isthmuses with the original table, but

occasionally entirely detached. The sides of these elevations are generally steep, and difficult of access; in some cases precipitous and absolutely inaccessible. The natural strength of such positions, and their susceptibility of defence, would certainly suggest them as the citadels of a people having hostile neighbors, or pressed by invaders. Accordingly, we are not surprised at finding these heights occupied by strong and complicated works, the design of which is no less indicated by their position than by their construction. But in such cases, it is always to be observed, that they have been chosen with great care, and that they possess peculiar strength, and have a special adaptation for the purposes to which they were applied. They occupy the highest points of land, and are never commanded from neighboring positions. While rugged and steep on most sides, they have one or more points of comparatively easy approach, in the protection of which the utmost skill of the builders seems to have been exhausted. They are guarded by double, overlapping walls, or a series of them, having sometimes an accompanying mound, designed perhaps for a look-out; and corresponding to the barbican in the system of defence of the Britons of the middle era. The usual defence is a simple embankment, thrown up along and a little below the brow of the hill, varying in height and solidity, as the declivity is more or less steep and difficult of access.

Other defensive works occupy the peninsulas created by the rivers and large streams, or cut off the headlands formed by their junction with each other. In such cases a fosse and wall are thrown across the isthmus, or diagonally from the bank of one stream to the bank of the other. In some, the wall is double, and extends along the bank of the stream some distance inwardly, as if designed to prevent an enemy from turning the flanks of the defence.

To understand clearly the nature of the works last mentioned, it should be remembered, that the banks of the western rivers are always steep, and where these works are located, invariably high. The banks of the various terraces are also steep, and vary from ten to thirty and more feet in height. The rivers are constantly shifting their channels; and they frequently cut their way through all the intermediate up to the earliest-formed, or highest terrace, presenting bold banks, inaccessible steep, and from sixty to one hundred feet high. At such points, from which the river has, in some instances, receded to the distance of half a mile or more, works of this description are oftenest found.

And it is a fact of much importance, and worthy of special note, that within the scope of a pretty extended observation, no work of any kind has been found occupying the first, or latest-formed terrace. This terrace alone, except at periods of extraordinary freshets, is subject to overflow. The formation of each terrace constitutes a sort of semi-geological era in the history of the valley; and the fact that none of the ancient works occur upon the lowest or latest-formed of these, while they are found indiscriminately upon all the others, bears directly upon the question of their antiquity.

* * * * *

The almost invariable presence of water within, or in immediate proximity to these enclosures, has been the occasion of frequent remark in the foregoing descriptions. In the absence of springs and streams, as also where, from position, access to such supplies of water is impracticable, we find their place supplied by reservoirs; an evidence of the forethought of the builders, as also an index to the true charac-

ter of the works in which these features occur.—The vast amount of labor necessary to the erection of most of these works, precludes the notion that they were hastily constructed to check a single or unexpected invasion. On the contrary, there seems to have existed a *System of Defences*, extending from the sources of the Alleghany and Susquehanna in New York, diagonally across the country, through central and northern Ohio to the Wabash. Within this range, the works which are regarded as defensive, are largest and most numerous. If an inference may be drawn from this fact, it is that the pressure of hostilities was from the north-east; or that, if the tide of migration flowed from the south, it received its final check upon this line. On the other hypothesis, that in this region originated a semi-civilization which subsequently spread southward, constantly developing itself in its progress, until it attained its height in Mexico, we may suppose that from this direction came the hostile savage hordes, before whose incessant attacks the less warlike mound-builders gradually receded, or beneath whose exterminating cruelty those which occupied this frontier entirely disappeared, leaving these monuments alone to attest their existence, and the extraordinary skill with which they defended their altars and their homes. Upon either assumption it is clear that the contest was a protracted one, and that the race of the mounds were for a long period constantly exposed to attack. This conclusion finds its support in the fact that, in the vicinity of those localities, where, from the amount of remains, it appears the ancient population was most dense, we almost invariably find one or more works of a defensive character, furnishing ready places of resort in times of danger. We may suppose that a condition of things prevailed somewhat analogous to that which attended the advance of our pioneer population, when every settlement had its little fort, to which the people flocked in case of alarm or attack.

ANIMAL-SHAPED MOUNDS OF WISCONSIN.

They consist of elevations of earth, of diversified outline and various size; for the most part constituting effigies of beasts, birds, reptiles, and of the human form; but often circular, quadrangular, and of oblong shape. The circular or conical tumuli differ from those scattered over the whole country in no outward respect, excepting that they are much smaller in their average dimensions; the largest seldom exceeding fifteen feet in height. Those in the form of parallelograms are sometimes upwards of five hundred feet in length, seldom less than one hundred; but in height they bear no proportion to their otherwise great dimensions, and may probably be better designated as walls, embankments, or terraces, than mounds. These works are seldom isolated, but generally occur in groups or ranges, sometimes, though not always, placed with apparent design in respect to each other. In these groups may be observed every variety of form,—the circular, quadrangular, and animal-shaped structures occurring in such connexion with each other as to fully justify the belief that they are of contemporaneous origin. At first glance, these remains are said to resemble the sites or ground-plans and foundation-lines of buildings; and it is not until their entire outline is taken into view, that the impression of an effigy becomes decided. This is not surprising, in view of the fact that they are usually of inconsiderable height, varying from one to four feet; in a few cases, however, rising as high as six feet. Their outlines are, nevertheless, represented to

be distinctly defined in all cases where they occupy favorable positions. Their small altitude should cause no doubt of the fidelity of the representations which have been made of these figures; since a regular elevation of six inches can be readily traced upon the level prairies and "bottom-lands" of the West, especially when covered with turf.

PURPOSES OF THE MOUNDS.

The conclusion to which these researches have led is, that the mounds were constructed for several grand and dissimilar purposes; or rather that there are different classes. The conditions upon which the classification is founded are four in number—namely: position, form, structure, and contents. In this classification, we distinguish—

1st. *Altar Mounds*, which occur either within, or in the immediate vicinity of enclosures; which are stratified, and contain altars of burned clay or stone; and which were places of sacrifice.

2d. *Temple Mounds*, which occur most usually within, but sometimes without the walls of enclosures; which possess great regularity of form; which contain neither altars nor human remains; and which were "high places" for the performance of religious rites and ceremonies, the sites of structures, or in some other way connected with the superstitions of the builders.

3d. *Mounds of Sepulture*, which stand isolated or in groups more or less remote from the enclosures; which are not stratified; which contain human remains; and which were the burial-places and monuments of the dead.

4th. *Anomalous Mounds*, including mounds of observation and such as were applied to a double purpose, or of which the design and objects are not apparent. This division includes all which do not clearly fall within the preceding three classes.

SEPULCHRAL MOUNDS.

These mounds invariably cover a skeleton (in very rare instances more than one, as in the case of the Grave Creek Mound), which at the time of its interment was enveloped in bark or coarse matting, or enclosed in a rude sarcophagus of timber,—the traces, in some instances the casts, of which remain. Occasionally the chamber of the dead is built of stone, rudely laid up, without cement of any kind. Burial by fire seems to have been frequently practised by the mound-builders. Urn burial also appears to have prevailed, to a considerable extent, in the Southern States.

BURIAL RITES.

The ceremonies of interment, so far as we are enabled to deduce them from these monuments, were conducted with great regularity and system. None of those disturbances mentioned by various writers, where the remains seem to have been heaped together without order and without care, have been observed in the course of these investigations, except in cases where recent deposits had been made. On the contrary, all the circumstances seem to indicate that burial was a solemn and deliberate rite, regulated by fixed customs of, perhaps, religious or superstitious origin. It is possible that, in certain cases, a particular or special practice was prescribed. We may thus account for the presence or absence of the charcoal layers, and also for the practice of incineration in some instances, and of simple inhumation in others.

ANCIENT CEMETERIES.

It is not to be supposed that the mounds

were the sole cemeteries of the race that built them. They were probably erected only over the bodies of the chieftains and priests, perhaps also over the ashes of distinguished families. The graves of the great mass of the ancient people who thronged our valleys, and the silent monuments of whose toil are seen on every hand, were not thus signalized. We scarcely know where to find them. Every day the plough uncovers crumbling remains, but they elicit no remark; are passed by and forgotten. The wasting banks of our rivers occasionally display extensive cemeteries, but sufficient attention has never been bestowed upon them to enable us to speak with any degree of certainty of their date, or to distinguish whether they belonged to the mound-builders, or a subsequent race. These cemeteries are often of such extent, as to give a name to the locality in which they occur. Thus we hear, on the Wabash, of the "Big Bone Bank," and the "Little Bone Bank," from which, it is represented, the river annually washes many human skeletons, accompanied by numerous and singular remains of art, among which are more particularly mentioned vases and other vessels of pottery, of remarkable and often fantastic form. At various places in the States north of the Ohio, thousands of graves are said to occur, placed in ranges parallel to each other. The extensive cemeteries of Tennessee and Missouri have often been mentioned, and it has been conjectured that the caves of Kentucky and Ohio were grand depositories of the dead of the ancient people. We have, however, nothing at all satisfactory upon the subject, which still continues to invite investigation. It is not improbable that many of the dead were burned, and that their ashes were heaped together, constituting mounds. Such an inference may not unreasonably be drawn from certain facts which will be presented when we come to speak of the anomalous or unclassified mounds. It may, however, be remarked in this connexion, that no very distinct traces of the ancient burial-places can be expected to be found. If, from the mounds, where, from their protection from the action of moisture and other decomposing causes, the enclosed remains would be most likely to be well preserved, it is found almost impossible to recover a single entire bone, it is not to be wondered at that the remains of the common dead are now nearly or quite undistinguishable from the mould which surrounds them. The apparent absence, therefore, of any general cemeteries of the era of the mounds may be regarded as another and strong evidence of the remote antiquity of the monuments of the West.

POTTERY OF THE MOUNDS.

Among the mound-builders, the art of pottery attained to a considerable degree of perfection. Various though not abundant specimens of their skill have been recovered, which, in elegance of model, delicacy, and finish, as also in fineness of material, come fully up to the best Peruvian specimens, to which they bear, in many respects, a close resemblance. They far exceed anything of which the existing tribes of Indians are known to have been capable. It is to be regretted that none of these remains have been recovered entire in the course of our investigations: they have been found only in the altar or sacrificial mounds, and always in fragments.

The material of which they are composed is a fine clay; which, in the more delicate specimens, appears to have been worked nearly

pure, possessing a very slight silicious intermixture. Some of the coarser specimens, though much superior in model, have something of the character of the Indian ware already described, pulverized quartz being mixed with the clay. Others are tempered with a salmon-colored mica in small flakes, which gives them a ruddy and rather brilliant appearance, and was perhaps introduced with some view to ornament as well as utility. None appear to have been glazed; although one or two, either from baking or the subsequent great heat to which they were subjected, exhibit a slightly vitrified surface. Their excellent finish seems to have been the result of the same process with that adopted by the Peruvians in their fictile manufactures.

[From Frederika Bremer's New Novel now in Press by the Harpers.]

REPRESENTATIONS.

"Be quiet! be quiet! throbbing heart! Restless thoughts and wishes, be silent! Down bitter feelings! Away, tormenting spirits! I will be calm, and strong, and free. Endure, oh, my heart! combat resolutely, oh will! till the night is past, and the rosy light of the morning ascends!"

Do you recognise the song? do you remember to have sung it with silent lips amid the heat and burden of the day; amid the long sleepless nights? You, the heroes and heroines of the inner life, whose silent combats, victories, or defeats no human eyes behold! Yes, you know it; often have you sung it, watching over the battle-field of your happiness.

"Let me sleep, sleep only!" sighed Hedvig. Yes, she slept not that night, neither did Augustin. But already many a night had this brother and sister lain awake. It is a fact, that the best, the noblest hearts may suffer much and long upon earth. But, pure and troubled souls! for you has heaven marvellous consolations and peace in store; for you are growing in the silence, beneath the snow, the seeds of paradisaical flowers, which await only a warm day to spring up—and that day, believe me—comes!

A no small source of satisfaction to pure-hearted people is, their capacity for enjoying the little things, the crumbs of life; souls which have something dark behind them or within them cannot do this.

Hedvig experienced something of this power of the innocent heart, in the morning after this sleepless night, when she came down to the breakfast table, and found it festively arrayed, and a Persian lilac—her favorite flower—standing in full bloom by her plate, where a gilt and tastefully-painted cup of genuine china, and a teaspoon of silver-gilt, reminded Hedvig that it was her birth-day, and testified the affection of brothers and sisters, and their wish to please her. Hedvig quickly found herself surrounded by these brothers and sisters, who, smiling and caressing, bowing and courtesying, in joke and in earnest, attested their regard, and offered their congratulations.

Bror and Göthilda presented her with a great gratulation on a large sheet of paper, on which was seen the formidable representation of the whole family uniting in a congratulation in verse, which congratulation the said brother and sister, with great exultation over their own cleverness, had conjointly written, and which began with the following poetical effusion:—

Sister Hedvig, with delight,
All lovely joy and pleasure,
Are wished thee on this day so bright
In hopes, and without measure.
And that thou never want may'st know
On earth where ills await us,
A well-oiled wheel and lots of tow,
Warm friendship and potatoes.

Hedvig's little every-day habits and peculiarities were parodied in the succeeding verses with much merriment. Family affection does not dread such parodies, but finds in them the best seasoning for its every-day dishes. Hedvig

could not help laughing at those verses which gave Bror and Göthilda such indescribable delight.

"My present to you," said Augustin softly to his sister, "is in the kitchen; and there you must receive it."

"In the kitchen?" said Hedvig, smiling in wonder, but followed her brother out into the kitchen, where she saw a young girl, who stood by the side of the clear, yet tearful-eyed Maja, and, deeply blushing, dropped on her knees, and embraced those of Hedvig, as Augustin said, "This, Hannah, is your mistress."

Hedvig now understood all.

"Oh, Augustin!" she exclaimed at length, "that, in truth, is the most precious gift you could give me. But how have you been able so quickly to arrange this matter?"

"I knew," said Augustin, "that uncle could not refuse anything which would give you pleasure on your birth-day, and therefore I attacked him on this delicate subject early this morning, laying before him your and my proposition. He growled a little at our 'modern theories,' and said that people nowadays do more for criminals than for honest people, but at length he gave his consent to everything that we wished; and—the rest I have managed with the police. Maja herself has fetched her protégée, as was only reasonable."

What good did her brother's kindness, and the joy of the honest Maja to the heart of Hedvig! Oh, believe me, such deeds are more heart-strengthening than the apples of Iduna, if they are not just fruits of that kind.

When Hedvig turned to quit the kitchen, she perceived her uncle Herkules standing at the door, examining, with keen and inquisitive glances, the new-comer.

"She does not look so badly," said he at length to Hedvig, "and she may be likely to give you satisfaction. But keep an eye upon her—that is my advice. Such people are not to be trusted. No, upon my soul, are they not?"

Hedvig promised to be vigilant: and when she came in the breakfast-room, and saw around her all that she loved, and beheld in their looks how dear she was to them, it became warm and light within her, and she could say to her secret pain—"Thou art not an evil."

At the breakfast-table she was again the kind and cordial hostess, and found one pleasant fact after another to read aloud from the newspaper, which always lay by her breakfast-plate, as one also lay by that of Augustin: for they both liked to keep up with the times. Again the gratulatory presents were examined and admired, with their garnishing of extraordinary flowers, and those extraordinary faces of cherubim, such as are often seen on similar would-be witty productions in the houses of the peasantry in Sweden; and the verses were again gone through, in a declamatory style, by Bror, who called upon his hearers to pay particular attention to the lofty flight and aim of the concluding strophe:—

If thou wouldst any pleasure win
In this life's wildering route,
Kill care and hang him on a pin,
De'il take him out and out.
Courage! and our wild winter's dance,
Though near the pole begun,
Shall one day 'mid the stars advance,
And waltz into the sun.

Tigrén never achieved a higher flight. That was admitted; and, with the usual modesty, our young poets received their meed of praise.

"Ivar! will you promise me one thing—one pleasure on my birth-day?" said Hedvig, as she followed her brother out into the hall, as he was about to go away.

"Yes, as gladly as I live—or more so, for otherwise that were not much to say," replied Ivar; "but what is it?"

"It is, dear Ivar, that you will avoid exciting uncle, and not answer him, when he is excited, then and there. Remember that he is old, and you are young, and that he is our common benefactor. You cannot believe how this wrangling

wounds me, and I cannot understand, dear Ivar, how you find pleasure in it."

"Pleasure: no, that God knows; but it occupies my mind sometimes, and diverts my thoughts into a different channel to—But if I give pain to others, Hedvig, it is because I suffer myself. There are moments when—but, no matter. Good-by, Hedvig, I will not quarrel—I will be like a lamb, or rather a sheep, with uncle, to-day at least, and—so long as I can. Farewell."

He went out hastily—he looked pale and unhappy.

Not long afterwards, Hedvig's steps took the way softly but firmly, towards her brother's dwelling.

When she entered the room, she saw Ivar, sunk in an easy chair, with his arms crossed, and his eyes fixed on a picture placed on the easel, and which he was beginning to copy. It represented Judith with the head of Holofernes. The eyes of the lovely woman were wet with weeping; the breath seemed to come with difficulty through the pallid lips; one hand held the sword half-hidden in her flowing robes, but the other, so beautiful, so warm with love, lay on the ghastly and bloody head beside her. You saw, in this act, in the indescribable expression of both hand and countenance, that Judith, while she had slain the enemy of her country, had also murdered her own love; but she had sacrificed the woman to the patriot, and the heroine.

The room, in everything else, displayed an artistic chaos. Elegant articles of dress were flung upon sofa and chairs: on the table lay manuscripts, microscopes, books in utter confusion, besides a brace of pistols. Hedvig's eyes fixed themselves rapidly on the last, and then reverted to her brother who sate with his back towards her. He gazed no longer on the picture, but buried his face in his hands, and appeared sunk in despair.

Hedvig approached, and laid her hand on his shoulder, at the same time pronouncing his name.

Ivar started, looked wildly up, and demanded hastily—

"What is it? What do you want?"

"Only to call on you, and see how you are," said Hedvig, in her kind manner.

"Oh, indeed! Thanks! oh, I am quite well—ill, I believe—I don't know exactly how I am."

"Ah, Ivar! it has not been well with you for some time. I have observed it long. There is something on your mind; something that makes you unhappy. Tell me, can I help you?"

"God bless you, dear sister!" said Ivar with his most beautiful expression, as he gazed upon her with tearful eyes.

"Tell me only, Ivar, what I can do—I will do it so willingly. Let us talk, let us think together."

"Talk!—think! And of what use will that be?"

"To find some way, some means of helping you."

"But if no way, no means are to be found at all? If I—if I am altogether past help?"

"That is not possible, Ivar. God will find there is always found—"

"But I tell you, Hedvig, that no help can be found for me; that I must, must—that I shall be lost, for—I will not be helped."

Hedvig was silent—terrified by the vehemence of her brother's speech and manner.

"You, good, sisterly souls," continued Ivar, bitterly, "you believe that everything can be helped, and mended up, because you have never encountered anything but trifling rents and bruises. But while you are talking so finely about everything being capable of help, there sits a Tasso in the madhouse, poor Haydon shoots himself through the head, and countless sacrifices to misfortune and despair sink daily into the gulf of perdition; and I—I shall sink like them."

"And if they thus sink, Ivar, may it not be because they have no friend at hand, or that

they will not listen to his prayers and his counsel?"

"That may be; but it may also be, that their misery is stronger than human counsel and comfort. Hedvig—I have played a high game. I have set all my happiness on one throw, and—I have lost, and . . . I am bankrupt. O, this terrible, devouring agony! . . . But what avails it to speak to you?—you know not what it is to love."

"I—do I not know it?" said Hedvig; and the tears, which had long swelled in her breast, flowed abundantly over her pale cheeks.

"No," continued Ivar, without noticing this, "no, to love with fire, with the whole strength of your being, with the worshipping homage of heaven, and a consuming flame at the same time. But thou canst not, and dost not understand. Thou art an angel, Hedvig. Can any angel know everlasting fire? Can it be carried away fascinated by the strong powers of the earth? Angels only cross themselves, and flee. They love only the heavenly, and the heavenly spreads its blessed peace over them in sorrow as in joy. But when one loves a d—l!—When we know ourselves to go to perdition with her, will rather suffer torment with her, than without her enjoy heaven and all its blessedness . . . look you, Hedvig, this is love. And such love is mine!"

"And—you are loved in return?" demanded Ivar.

Ivar sprang up, stamped, and wrung his hands, as he exclaimed—

"O, that I did but know that!—that I was certain of that;—then could I sink to destruction, and exult—then could I kiss the dagger which gave me death. But not to know—to doubt—to feel the serpent which has fascinated, which has stung me, glide away cold and slippery—O, what torment! Mark me, Hedvig! I have confided in this woman more than in thyself, or in my Maker. I saw in her a new revelation—saw the perfect, the free woman which St. Simon imagined, and his disciples sought—in vain. I believed that I had found her, and she became my light, my sun, my eyes. I saw the whole world glorified through her; my own future, and the future of mankind, glowed in the ruddy morning light of a new day—a day the light of which she was, and which I became through her. She has darkened, and with her, everything; I do not know myself again. Hedvig! there are terrible beings. They fascinate, they allure, like the mermaid in the sagas—promise inexpressible happiness, and draw their lovers to them, only to offer them to death. They appear glowing, full of mystic fire, but within they are cold and hollow as the grave. They are beautiful and smiling in front, but seen from behind they are hideous wretches. O! why do such as these possess such wonderful power? O! I feel myself bound, drawn along, and can never again be extricated. The whirlpool has already seized me, and I must go down."

"But I will not let go of you, Ivar!" exclaimed Hedvig, embracing him. "My beloved brother! I hold you fast, and will contend for you. You must not, you shall not perish!"

"Give me then the will to resist!—give me only the power to will it! But ah! see, Hedvig, a longing seizes me,—look at that pale, bloody head. I would be like that, simply that it might be her work, and that she laid her warm, beautiful hand thus—thus.—Ah! my God!"

Ivar pressed his face forcibly with his hands, and wept aloud. Hedvig silently mingled her tears with his, without uttering a word. This calmed Ivar. He raised himself, and said, affectionately—

"Pardon me, dear Hedvig! I know that I distress you; I shall perhaps often distress you again! You see in me a shipwrecked wretch, who still holds fast by a plank, and rises and falls with the waves. For I am not always thus. I am sometimes better: there are moments when I hope that she is still the same as formerly; that merely an appearance, an illusion, imposes on me—that an evil demon, some unblest misunderstanding, has got between us, which must and

will soon be dissipated, and then—merciful Heaven! then. But soon—soon must I have assurance of this. I cannot long live, as I live now. What intolerable days and nights!"

" You believe that she loves another?" asked Hedvig.

" I suspect it," said Ivar. " Count B., of the French legation, is often with her; he is rich and clever, people say. I know only that he plays high, and that he is often with her on a footing—for which I could hate her, and take his life. But she commands me by her pride, her plausible words. She protests that she loves me only, but—she does not admit me so often as before, and is to me no longer the same. The false one! O! that I could but properly hate her! There are moments that I feel as if I could do it: but a single look of hers, and I am her slave more than ever. I wish that the ice on which I walk would either bear or break. This state of restlessness, doubt, and uncertainty, is insupportable!"

" But, Ivar, you should seek some employment, some diversion which might occupy your thoughts, and settle you."

" I am continually painting, as you see. I endeavor to write, to compose, but all my power has departed. I can do nothing more. There lies, as it were an electric sky above me, which destroys all my vigor!"

Hedvig sighed. She felt herself destitute of counsel for this condition. At length she said—

" The air without is fresh and cool; shall we not allow it to breathe upon us, Ivar? I will willingly take a long walk with you. Will you not go with me?"

Ivar consented: pleased on some pretext to be snatched from himself and his tormenting thoughts. He took his cloak and hat, lit his cigar, and soon the brother and sister were strolling in the still winter air, on the new-fallen snow, out toward Norrtull. The opportunity of sledging had drawn out a multitude of sledgers, who, with white nets fluttering on their snorting horses, came gayly ringing their bells along the road towards the Stallmästare gärd; grand sledges, with ladies and gentlemen wrapped in warm furs; little, rapid sledges, with one gentleman behind, another sitting on bear or tiger skins, flew at full speed past, scattering the snow on the quiet foot-passengers.

Hedvig, whose open bosom, free from all envy, enjoyed everything that was beautiful, was charmed with the spectacle of the fine sledges and the noble steeds; of the handsome bonnets of the ladies, with their flying plumes and veils, and the lively and joyous movements.

" See how beautiful it is!" she exclaimed more than once.

" I think it is not very beautiful or joyous to be splashed all over by their horses," rejoined Ivar, angrily. " If we were rich, Hedvig, I would drive you in a handsome sledge, and you should not be splashed by the equipages of others, as you are now."

" It is only snow," said Hedvig, shaking the flakes from her fur cloak; " and for my part, I much prefer walking to driving. One is more independent on foot. The horses of the apostles are my favorites."

" Yes, if I were but rich," continued Ivar, " many things would be different to what they are. The rich are happy. It is easy for them to win respect, pleasure, advantage of every kind—and the favor of handsome women. It is the unjust distribution of things in the world that makes me exasperated with it. I love justice, right, and have not patience to see everywhere the contrary. If I had but the power, much should be altered. I therefore thought, sometimes, whether I could not do something towards a new and better state of things; but that was perhaps a dream, like many another beautiful thought and belief. The more I see of this world, the less I think it worth while to live in it, or to strive for it. Chance, the blind goddess, has far too much power. Numbers of human beings must perish, in order that others may succeed. Death seems to me the only

representative of justice on earth: he treats all alike."

Hedvig listened to Ivar's bitter outbreak, and comprehended by it the contest in his soul. He continued thus for a good while to abuse the world and its proceedings, and secretly, at the same time, his own fate, in which many great and noble desires appeared to be trodden down by want and adversity. But at length he said abruptly—

" But, Hedvig, why do you say nothing? Are you become altogether dumb?"

" No," said Hedvig, kindly; " I think I could answer you in many particulars, but I am certain that all that I could now say you will say much better yourself when you are so disposed. . . . Shall we go a little way into the wood here, Ivar, and rest upon the rocks under the trees?"

The brother and sister now found themselves in the beautiful wood of Solna. The city sledging-parties had not yet come so far. Here were peace and quiet, and the fine trees of the wood murmured softly over their heads. This calm freshness of the air, Hedvig's gentle words and tone of mind, operated beneficially on Ivar. The bitter, distracted expression of his countenance gave way to a mild melancholy.

They left the track, and went on a little distance up into the wood. Here, beneath lofty pines, protruded a little mossy rock, offering a convenient seat. The green vault overhead had prevented the snow from penetrating into this place, and green and fresh lay the carpet of moss on the earth. Hedvig seated herself on the rocky seat; Ivar threw himself down on the ground, and laid his head on her knee.

" You will be cold," said she, anxiously.

" Cold!" exclaimed Ivar— " God grant it! It would be a comfort. I burn—the green, cooling earth! Happy he who can bed himself deep, deep in it! . . . Do you weep over me, Hedvig, or is it some angel from above? . . . Weep not now. I am not now in danger, I am calm. . . . How delightfully the wood sounds. Here let us build a hut, far from all mankind! I will cut wood for you, fetch water, work. . . . Then might I perhaps be once more a man. . . . But there are two men in me: the one good, warm, wishing every creature well, and desiring to live and labor for them. The other is egotistical, vain, irritable, and revengeful; and the two contend within me for life or death. But the evil one is in the ascendant. I have felt it for some time. Now he is silent; he sleeps; but I know that he is there, and will waken again."

" Let us not awaken him! let him sleep!" said Hedvig.

" Yes, for ever if he will!" said Ivar. " He creates, sometimes, a hell in me. I myself could sleep now. I have not slept for many a night: so calm as I am now I have not felt for a long time. This is a blessed place, Hedvig."

And, soothed by the sound of the pine trees, Ivar actually slept, while Hedvig's hand played with his dark locks.

For a few minutes only, however, continued this sleep. It was broken by a wild shout in the wood, at which Ivar sprang hastily up—and they saw a little man, clad in skins, and with a pointed fur cap, leap down from a cliff to the ground, and with the speed of an arrow, hasten on his snow-skates into the wood.

" That is a Laplander!" said Hedvig. " No doubt one of those recently arrived from Lapland, with a present of reindeer for the king. Shall we follow him, Ivar? I would gladly see the reindeer. They certainly pasture them here in the wood."

They followed the traces of the Laplander, and it was not long before they came upon a herd of almost thirty reindeer, part of them lying on the snow, and part of them busy seeking and feeding on the reindeer moss under it. In a cleft of the rocks overshadowed by lofty pines, sat the nomadic attendants, small grotesque figures, with sparkling brown eyes, and dark, shaggy hair, streaming out from beneath their head-dresses.

Ivar and Hedvig entered into conversation with them. The Laplanders belonged to the so-called Swedish Laplanders, who do not live so far north as the others, and speak Swedish as well as their mother tongue.

Hedvig admired their fine stomachers ornamented with silver, noticed the various implements which were suspended to the belt which encircled their waists, and among which was their scanty toilet apparatus.

" What has induced you," she asked, " to come so very far from your own country with your reindeer?"

" What?" said one of the women, briskly and energetically, " shall we not bring a present to our new king? My troth, he has plenty of children to feed, that he has! Shall not then his children in Lapland help him with this?—And as for our way back, we shall find it as well as we found it hither."

" Are you well off then, in your cold country?" asked Hedvig of one of the men, whose blue eyes and melancholy expression did not accord with the usual Lapland physiognomy. He replied, with a sort of pensive serenity—

" Oh yes! God has appointed to every one his lot; and that which people are accustomed to, that they can endure."

" Have you any books, then?" demanded Ivar from another of the men with sparkling, dark-brown genuine Lapland eyes, and knowing aspect.

" Oh yes!" he replied, " we have the Bible, and Luther's Sermons—Arndt's 'True Christianity,' and the 'Voice of one crying in the wilderness,' and many others; so that there is no want of those that show us the way. The difficulty is to go to it."

" That is really excellent!" said Ivar—" I fancy that we must actually travel to Lapland to learn wisdom."

" Yes, he is wise—wiser than I am," said the brown-eyed one, turning his gaze on the melancholy one, whose large eyes were apparently made to see further than into the world of the Laplander's tent.

" Tell me, my old man," said Ivar to this one, " do you not wish, sometimes, for something that you cannot obtain; and what say you then?"

" As God will!" answered the Laplander. " And come the day, comes help. It never dawns without council. God rules all for the best."

" If things go altogether to distraction? If everything runs against you; if all things turn out unfortunately, and you lose all that you hold dear?"

" Shall we not receive the evil day as well as the good?" said the Laplander. " What God does, that is good!"

And this the other Laplanders also reiterated.

" One cannot move these people," said Ivar, impatiently. " Can you not sing something, good people?"

The Laplanders made some excuses, but suffered themselves to be persuaded, and the youngest of the men sang a sporting song, in which the cries of wood-birds, bears, and wolves were imitated in as unmelodious a voice as possible. After that, one of the women sang a love song, little more harmonious, but from which a melody of soft, warm sincerity broke forth like a sunbeam, though fleeting as Lapland's summer, and as the episode of love in their smoky and wearisome existence.

" You can also tell fortunes?" said Hedvig; " which of you will tell me mine?" And she stretched forth her hand.

" Nay, see what a beautiful white hand!" exclaimed the young singer, enchanted, and seized Hedvig's hand in his little black-brown ones.

" Are people tolerably gallant in Lapland?" said Ivar; and he gave the Laplander a silver penny, and bade him tell the lady's fortune.

The Laplander contemplated the lines of the hand, and promised long life, good fortune, children, and flowers.

" Now tell the gentleman his fortune," said

Hedvig, amused by the life and expression of the little man. Dear Ivar, give them your hand, for the joke's sake. Pity that Göthilda is not with us."

Ivar stretched out his hand carelessly to the woman who had sung the love story. She gazed at it long and observantly; then let it go, and would not say a word.

"What now?" said Ivar, struck with wonder; "what means this? And why will you not tell me my fortune?"

The woman only shook her head.

"Do you then see something so terrible in my hand?" asked Ivar; "some fate so disastrous? speak out. I am not unprepared. Will you not? Well, then, some one of the others must tell me what it is."

But when Ivar presented his hand to the rest, then began the woman who had just been asked, to speak warmly and excitedly in the Lapland language, showing to them the make of the hand, and hereupon all the others began to talk; a dispute, for so it sounded, in their own tongue, but still they came to the same unanimous conclusion, not to tell Ivar his fortune from his hand.

"That was curious, indeed!" said Ivar, as he withdrew with Hedvig. "But did I not tell you, Hedvig, that my fate was unfortunate?"

"Ah!" said Hedvig, smiling, but still inwardly vexed at the upshot of the experiment to amuse Ivar; "I believe just as little the fortune with children and flowers, which they read in my hand. It is egregious folly. But, Ivar, did you notice how cheerful, and, on the whole, happy, those step-children of nature appeared. How contented with their lot?"

"Yes," said Ivar, and he thought, they have probably much to thank their obtuse or rather petrified minds. "It is a strange feature of this nomadic and yet stationary race, who continually traverse the arctic circle, and never escape from a fixed circle of unprogressive ideas."

"And yet it is good, Ivar," replied Hedvig, "when these are broken from the rock, like sundry of those which they expressed. I rejoice in the fullness of their faith, and trust that they have this midnight sun to light and warm them in their long winter nights."

"It grows dark, Hedvig," said Ivar, gloomily; "let us hasten home. I think the heavens will fall upon us."

And they seemed actually to bow themselves down, and snow began to fall heavily. The two proceeded silently; at length Hedvig took Ivar's hand, pressed it, and felt, by the kind return of the pressure, that he was not displeased with her.

Poetry.

CLIO'S TEARS.

THE age is grown mechanical—we cannot as before,
In rural quiet glide along, and dip the bladed oar,
Inhaling draughts of purest air, by rock, and
stream, and shore;

They go by steam!

Once, we could walk along at ease, through
winding wood-hung roads,
Where wild flowers grew, and mockbirds sung,
and made their soft abodes,
Now, on that path, black clouds arise, and
rattling in their nodes

Hoarse rail cars scream!

I knew a peaceful woodland scene—a stream
with pebbly shores
Where clear cold waters gurgled up, and bees
sought out their stores,
Now choked below, with wall and dam, in
wrath the water roars,

They're weaving satins.

Speed we to yonder arid plain, where foxes made
abode,
And, once a month, with leathern bag the lonely
postman rode,

A shorter line, by link and chain, two boroughs
may commode,

They're putting down T rail!

Time was, our letters we could send, and give
our hopes a joy,
While mails held back, and busy hoofs performed
their brisk employ,
A wife—a child—a friend had writ—love heightened
by alloy!

Now lightning speeds the news!

The very sea they cross with steam, the land
with trains of fire,
Wheels fright the Naiads from our streams, the
sylphs and fawns retire,
E'en Indian genii quit their caves, and fly where
woods inspire!

Mills go by galvanism!

Oh, I am sick to view this land, by valley, hill,
and plain,
So crammed with cities, towns, and strife—so full
of men and grain,
So overrun with progress dire—so cursed with
schemes of gain,

Parnassus is a coal mine now!

Adieu, my early shades adieu—if not abroad to
fly,
I leave thy dusty, moiling plains, for mountain
breezes high

Where cliffs point up, with fearful chasms, and
split the clear blue sky,

Algan,* or wedged Tahawust† wild!

Toil on, ye politicians, toil! Ye builders lift
your piles,

Where hammers cling, and saws tear out, and
music dies of files,

I leave you for the beamy heights, where God
and nature smiles.

Kayaderrossers,‡ or couched Ocaug!§

Home Correspondence.

DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

WASHINGTON, June 28th, 1848.

SIR: Concurring in the accuracy of the historical references, and the generally maintained philosophical tone of your correspondent, "R. S. H." I have felt much pleasure in the perusal of his letters. In his communication from St. Peter's, which appeared in a recent number of the Literary World, the allusions made to the general subject of the discovery of the sources of the Mississippi, and the statement of the number of persons who have visited them, are, perhaps, less satisfactory than his terse and graphic notices ordinarily are; and if they do not evince some misapprehension, or imprecision in his own mind, are yet liable, I apprehend, to lead to imprecision in others.

Geographers denominate *that*, the source of the river, which is the most distant, by the involutions of its channel, from its afflux into the ocean. In this view ITASCA LAKE is, incontestably, its true source. The French, it will be remembered, carried the exploration no higher than the St. Francis,|| which Hennepin is admitted to have visited and named in 1680. I do not know that Liseur, who visited St. Peter's in 1700, extended geographical discovery. During English rule, in this part of ancient New France, i. e. from 1763* to 1776, Carver was the only traveller who visited the Upper Mississippi, and his voyage in 1766 is

* Alleghany.

† A mountain on the sources of the Hudson.

‡ A wild mountain range in Northern New York.

§ A mountain on the shores of Lake Superior—means a porcupine in the attitude of defiance.

|| There is also a river St. Francis on the Lower Mississippi, which will not be confounded with this. It is a part of the boundary between Missouri and Arkansas.

¶ The close of Pontiac's war.

doubted above St. Anthony's Falls. Pike, who, after the acquisition of Louisiana, went to determine this point, in 1806, proceeded by water from St. Louis, and traced the river, with fidelity, some hundreds of miles above St. Anthony's Falls, and the St. Francis, to Pine River, where winter overtook him, in all its rigors, and where he terminated his *voyage*, and secured his provisions and stores in a block-house. The country was now completely covered with snow, the streams and lakes locked with ice, and all the deciduous trees denuded of foliage. Pike, whose hardihood was not unlike that of La Salle,* was not to be discouraged: taking with him a few men, he proceeded on *snow-shoes* and with *hand-trains* across the country to Sandy Lake, and thence to Leech Lake, and finally to upper Red Cedar Lake, the latter of which formed the terminus of his journey. This point he reached on the 12th February, 1807.

In 1820, Mr. Cass, then Governor of Michigan, renewed the attempt, and traced this stream by water rising of 400 miles above the point where Pike had been arrested by the ice fourteen years before. He was accompanied by a military engineer and topographer, and scientific observers in other departments; and the result of the expedition, which was published early in 1821, greatly extended our knowledge of the features and resources of the country. He terminated his journey at the mouth of Turtle River, on the north shores of the upper Red Cedar Lake, about sixteen miles north of the place to which Pike had pushed his winter excursion. To this sheet of water, as there is another Red Cedar Lake on the Upper Mississippi, I gave the name of Cassin† Lake in 1820, and of Cass‡ Lake in 1832.

In 1832, having charge of an expedition in the public service, I passed the ultimate points of my predecessors in discovery early in July, and made these positions the basis of my further researches. Having deposited my heavy stores and baggage on the large island in that lake, called Grand or Colcaspee Island, and encamped my *voyageurs*, and the detachment of infantry which the government directed to accompany me, under the command of late Colonel, then Lieut. James Allen, U.S.A., I proceeded in light canoes to trace the river to its source. About forty miles above Cass Lake we reached the geological summit of *Lac-Traverse*, or *Pamidjiguma*, the Crosswater of the Indians, which is remarkable as having SEVEN LAKES, lying at unequal distances in a direct line from north to south, all which are tributary to the Mississippi. They are in their order, Turtle Lake, the Nebena, Pamidjigumaug, Washington Irving's Lake, the Marquette, La Salle, and the Kubbascanna, or Lake Plantagenet||

The Mississippi holds its way, in a general course from south to north, through five of the series, terminating in the largest, the Crosswater, or Pamidjigumaug. About four miles above Irving's lake, it has its primary forks, the left hand one of which, in ascending, heads in Assawa lake, and the right hand, or

* This indomitable explorer made a journey on *snow-shoes*, in the winter of 1678, from the Illinois to Fort Cataracqui, nearly a thousand miles.

† Nar. Jour.

‡ Exp. to Itasca Lake.

§ By dropping the local inflection of this word in g, the sense is shortened simply into Crosswater, instead of the more concrete term, Place (the) Crosswater.

|| Having been the first traveller to ascend this branch, the gentlemen of the party proposed that it should bear my name. I called the lake on it, and hence the river Plantagenet, from observing certain *nettles* on its shore, which associated themselves in my mind with the circumstances attending the bestowal of the surname on the ancestor of one of the lines of British kings. Mr. Nicolle, four years later, called it *La Place*.

main fork in Itasca lake. I ascended the former, being the shortest, most direct, and easiest of ascent, to its source in the continental Highlands, called *Hauteur des Terres*, made a portage of six miles across these elevations of marine sand to the Itasca, whose outlet was carefully traced down to the point of junction of the Assawa or Plantagenian branch, and thence to the point of departure.

We entered and surveyed Itasca lake on the 13th July, 1832.* Lieut. Allen estimated the distance to Assawa lake at 125 miles, and to Itasca lake at 165 miles, making the entire trip 290 miles. Taking the approximate estimates of heights and distances, submitted by me in 1820,† as a basis, the entire length of the Mississippi was computed at 3,160 miles, and its altitude above the sea at 1,490 feet.‡ I found the Indians applied the name of Mississippi to the stream at its issue from Itasca lake, where it is 16 feet wide and 14 inches deep. [Nicollet.] It is remarkable that the general course of this stream is *north* from its source for about 120 miles to the summit of the **SEVEN LAKES**, whence it changes to *east*, and *south-east*, to Cass lake. This is, doubtless, the cause of its actual source having been so long undetermined, as it not only lies out of the route to Red river, but it is required, in order to reach it, that the traveller should turn back on his course. It heads near the remotest S. E. source of the Red River of Hudson's Bay.

In 1836, the late lamented J. N. Nicollet, member of the French Institute, followed my outward track to Itasca lake, with astronomical instruments. He determined its altitude to be 1,575 feet, and that of the highest point of the *Hauteur des Terres* 1,680 feet above the Gulf of Mexico. He also explored minutely some small inlets of the lake, the largest of which he estimates to be three miles in length.‡

To this summary sketch of the progress and completion of the discovery of the sources of the Mississippi, and the determination of its principal and largest branch in Itasca lake, in 1832, it should be added, in justice to a man of little merit as an observer, that about 1823,|| a Mr. Beltrami attached himself to, and accompanied the second expedition of Maj. Long, from St. Peter's to Red river. From the latter point, he found his way back to the United States, through the usual trader's route of Red lake, and the portage which leads to TURTLE LAKE, one of the **SEVEN LAKES**—a body of water lying about 40 miles north of Cass lake, which had long, and prior to 1832, been deemed to be the true source of the Mississippi. Mr. Beltrami, whose general observations on the country and its native inhabitants are often fallacious, passed a small lake, tributary to Turtle lake, which he named *Julia*, for the purpose, it would seem, of denominating this the Julian source of the Mississippi.||

I am sir, with respect,
Your obedient servant,
HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

CHARLES PENNO HOFFMAN, Esq., New York.

* The Spaniards, according to Ternou Campans, first discovered the mouth of the Mississippi in November, 1527.

† Vide *Narrative Journal*, 1821, Alb. Husfords.

‡ Exp. to Itasca lake, 1834. New York: Harpers.

§ Report Hydrographical basin of the Mississippi, 26th Cong., 2d Sess., Senate, No. 237. Washington: 1843.

|| He published his book called "A Pilgrimage," &c., at New Orleans, in 1825.

¶ Mr. Lannan's *Canoe Voyage*, A.D. 1847, I have not at hand to refer to, which I deem necessary before forming a judgment on the alleged apocryphal character of the trip, above Sandy lake, of this accepted and popular delineator of American scenery.

Miscellany.

THE LONELY HEART.

BY SARAH STICKNEY.

THEY tell me I am happy—and I try to think it true;
They say I have no cause to weep, my sorrows are so few;
That in the wilderness we tread, mine is a favor'd lot;
My petty griefs all fantasies, would I but heed them not.

IT may be so; the cup of life has many a bitter draught,
Which those who drink with silent lips have smiled on while they quaffed.
IT may be so; I cannot tell what others have to bear,
But sorry should I be to give another heart my share.

They bid me to the festive board, I go a smiling guest,
Their laughter and their revelry are torture to my breast;
They call for music, and there comes some old familiar strain;
I dash away the starting tear, then turn—and smile again.

But oh! my heart is wandering back to my father's home,
Back to my sisters at their play, the meadows in their bloom,
The blackbird on the scented thorn, the murmuring of the stream,
The sounds upon the evening breeze, like voices in a dream;

The watchful eyes that never more shall gaze upon my brow
The smiles—Oh! cease that melody, I cannot bear it now!
And heed not when the stranger sighs, nor mark the tears that start,
There can be no companionship for loneliness of heart!

COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY.—The annual commencement of this time-honored institution took place on the 28th ult. The address before the Literary Societies was delivered by WALTER PRESTON, of New York. The Degree of A.B. was conferred upon seventy-one young gentlemen. The following Honorary Degrees were also conferred:—

D.D.—Rev. Samuel Miller, of Glasgow, Scotland; Rev. John M. Whiton, of New Hampshire; Rev. John Goldsmith, of Long Island.

L.L.D.—Hon. Joel Jones, President of Girard College, Philadelphia; Hon. Jacob Burnet, of Ohio.

A.M.—E. G. Squier, of New York; Rev. Rufus Taylor, Shrewsbury, N. Y.; Rev. Jacob C. W. Ker, Deerfield, N. Y.; James Lynd, Prof. of Rhetoric, Newark College, Delaware; James A. Kirkpatrick, Professor of Moral and Political Science in High School, Philadelphia; Wm. W. Handy, Esq., of Maryland; Lieutenant James H. Simpson, of the Topographical Engineers, U. S. Army.

BON MOT OF LAMARTINE.—The Ministry had been expecting some difficulty with the question of Church salaries; and when the announcement of the election of Thiers took place, Ledru Rollin exclaimed, "How unfortunate that we carried not our scheme before. Thiers, who is just now hand in glove with the priesthood, will not lend himself to any measure against their interests." "Lend himself!" exclaimed Lamartine, "of course not—he has been always used to sell himself, and at a tolerably ruinous price too."

HARRY LOREQUER AND HIS BOOKSELLERS.—In re W. Currie and Co. bankrupts, a dividend of 2s. 6d. in the pound is declared to the creditors. Mr. Lever, one of their chief creditors, is at Florence, and he claims a moiety of the stock of *Jack Hinton*, *Tom Burke of Ours*, and *The O'Donoghue*. Longman & Co. claim £500. Debts to the amount of £6,661 are proved, exclusive of £10,430 to Latonche, the banker.—*Manchester Examiner*.

Recent Publications.

Gramática Inglesa reducida á veinte y dos Lecciones, par D. José de Urcullu. Edited by Fayette Robinson. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co. 1848. Pp. 262.

We are glad to see this first American edition of Urcullu's well-known grammar, which, as is remarked in the publisher's preface, experience has shown to be admirably adapted to the understanding of the young, at the same time that it contains all that is necessary for the ordinary purposes of reading and writing in a language so difficult to a Spaniard. In fact, we think the Spaniard is to be envied who studies the language with the aid of this grammar, for it certainly is far superior to many that we have seen in the hands of our own youth. The American editor has done little in the way of addition, nothing in that of alteration (indeed he has been so scrupulous as to pass uncorrected some few unidiomatic expressions and inaccuracies which had escaped the author), contenting himself with ensuring the integrity of the reprint.

Each of the lessons is supplied with copious examples and exercises; the distribution of the subjects is judicious; and their connexion and progression are natural and gradual. After the lessons, there are examples for translation, an introduction to English conversation (consisting of a classification of words most frequently recurring in common conversation, familiar dialogues, specimens of English), with a Spanish version on the opposite pages, and a long and most useful list, occupying nearly thirty pages of small type, exhibiting the significations of English verbs as affected by the use of different prepositions, followed by similar list of Spanish verbs with modifying particles. The book is handsomely printed. We fear that the publishers will find the speculation a more permanent investment of capital than is generally agreeable, for our Spanish population is not large, and the recent accession resulting from the treaty with Mexico is, we believe, distinguished by poverty as well as by ignorance; but they have put forth a valuable book, and if not eventually remunerated for their outlay, they may well content themselves with the reflection that they have deserved if they have not attained success.

By the way, we should think it would not be a bad speculation to publish some good Spanish dictionary—Sevane for instance; we know of none at reasonable price in the market, except imported copies, which of course are only accessible to a few.

The Dying Robin, and other Tales. By Joseph Alden, D.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848. 12mo. pp. 212.

MANY, if not all of these tales, have already appeared at different times in the weekly religious papers; their moral tendency is good, and being put into a neat and durable shape, they will be acceptable to those who may wish to preserve them.

Lucy Sandford: a Story of the Heart. A Temperance Tale. By T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia: T. S. Peterson; New York: Burgess, Stringer & Co., pp. 131.

MR. ARTHUR has taken charge of the social and domestic morals of society, and illustrated his views by a variety of short tales, of which the present is one of the most recently issued.

The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay. By John Wilson, author of "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life." New York: Spalding & Shepard. 1848. 12mo. pp. 264.

THOUGH the eulogy which is contained in the Preface to the American edition would have been nearer the truth had the writer's enthusiasm been better tempered by judgment, yet the main characteristics and general tenor of the story are so aptly exhibited in it, that we avail ourselves of its language, in place of any comments by ourselves, only premising that in one or two instances we should have contented our-

selves with the positive instead of the superlative degree of comparison. With that limitation, we generally coincide with the sentiments expressed:—

"It is singular to say, this delightful story is but little known in this country, while among our English neighbors scarcely any one who pretends to a love of reading, but is intimately acquainted with its pages. On its appearance it at once received the enthusiastic favor of the public, and continues to this day to increase in popularity, in proportion to the diffusion of knowledge throughout society. Although entirely a transcript of Scottish life and manners, and consequently occasionally tinged with a native idiom, it is nevertheless written in so simple, natural, and pathetic a style, that this characteristic becomes rather a beauty than a blemish. Like all of our author's writings, it abounds with the most graphic portraits from life; no gloomy abstractions, no unnatural images, intrude themselves into his pages; but a fresh, vigorous, and vivid spirit runs through every scene and object, rendered still more vivid by the fervent love that he displays for his country. Wilson, though not so general a writer as was the immortal Scott, is in no way inferior to him in his descriptions of lowly life, while his 'Foresters,' 'Lights and Shadows,' with this beautiful production, will stand as compeers, and perhaps in some cases rivals to the finest of that writer's creations.

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Hawkestone: a Tale of and for England in 184—. New York: Stanford & Swords, 139 Broadway. 2 vols. 12mo, pp. 344, 350. 1848.

THE demand for this work has been so great, that it has already reached the fifth edition. It has been so recently noticed at length in the Literary World, that our readers must be in full possession of our sentiments upon the character of the book, and we have only to add that the present is a cheap edition in paper covers, and is well printed.

France: its King, Court, and Government. By an American (General Cass). Leonard Scott, 79 Fulton st. Pp. 98. 1848.

In the pending presidential contest, the Whig party will not be reduced to exclaim with him of old—"Oh! that mine enemy had written a book!" the volume is before them, and they will no doubt make the most of it. Originally pub-

lished some eight or ten years ago, it was nearly forgotten, when the recent nomination of its author by the Democratic party as their candidate for President, having rendered everything connected with him a matter of peculiar interest, it has revived to temporary importance. As the circumstances of its present publication render it amenable to a political rather than a purely literary tribunal, we decline any comments on its style and character, and hand it over for dissection to the presses of the warring factions.

The Silent Comforter; A Companion for the Sick Room. By Louisa Payson Hopkins. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 32mo. pp. 128. 1848.

A NEAT little manual, containing short extracts from approved authors both in prose and verse, designed to afford consolation in the painful and weary hours of sickness; the selections are well calculated to accomplish the pious purpose of the authoress.

Popular Library of Instruction and Amusement. No. II. Forget-Me-Not—No. III. Anselmo. E. Dunigan, 151 Fulton st. 1848.

Two tales from the German of Schmid, illustrated with several engravings by Chapman. The stories are well told, and will certainly delight the little folks for whom they are designed. The publisher has evinced judgment in the selection and good taste in the style in which they are got up.

Publishers' Circular.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Messrs. HYDE, LORD & DUREN, Portland, have published the Ancient Sacred Lyre; or, Cumberland Collection of Church Music; being a selection from the most approved old authors, together with several pieces never before published. By Benj. Sweetser, jr. Second edition, with additions.

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Having been compelled, in many instances, to glean the titles from Advertisements in the daily papers, the list has not been as full and perfect in every particular as it is our desire to make it. Henceforth, if publishers, immediately upon the issue of any work, will forward to us a copy of the title-page and the price, marked "Literary World's weekly list," all deficiencies of this kind will be remedied.

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